Sr Martin Mar-all,

OR THE

Feign'd Innocence:

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at

His HIGHNESSE the DUKE of YORK's

THEATRE.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1669.

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Prologue.

Fools, which each man meets in his Diſh each day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play;
In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
To prize that higheſt which coſts them ſo dear:
Fops in the Town more eaſily will paſs;
One ſtory makes a ſtatuable Aſs,
But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
Like yolks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Obſerving Poets all their walks invade,
As men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade:
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They ſtow their ſeveral Bodies in a Pye:
The Poet's but the Cook to faſhion it,
For, Gallants, you your ſelves have found the wit.
To bid you welcome would your bounty wrong,
None welcome thoſe who bring their Chear along.

The Names of the Persons.

Lord Dartmouth.	In love with Mrs. *Christian.*
Mr. Moody.	The Swash-buckler.
Sir Martin Mar-all.	A Fool.
Warner.	His Man.
Sir John Swallow.	A Kentish Knight.
Lady Dupe.	The old Lady.
Mrs. Christian.	Her young Niece.
Mrs. Millisent.	The Swash-bucklers Daughter.
Rose.	Her Maid.
Mrs. Preparation.	Woman to the old Lady.

Other Servants, Men and Women.

A Carrier.

Bayliffs.

The SCENE Covent-Garden.

THE Feignd Innocence: OR Sir MARTIN MARRALL.

ACT. I.

Enter Warner *solus.*

Warn. WHere the Devil is this Master of mine? he is ever out of the way when he should do himself good. This 'tis to serve a Coxcomb, one that has no more brains than just those I carry for him. Well! of all Fopps commend me to him for the greatest; he's so opinion'd of his own Abilities, that he is ever designing somewhat, and yet he sows his Stratagems so shallow, that every Daw can pick 'em up; from a plotting Fool the Lord deliver me. Here he comes, O! it seems his Cousin's with him, then it is not so bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Marral, *Lady* Dupe.

La. Dupe. I think 'twas well contriv'd for your access to lodge her in the same house with you.

Sir Mart. 'Tis pretty well I must confess.

Warn. Had he plotted it himself, it had been admirable [*aside.*

La. Dupe. For when her Father *Moody* writ to me to take him Lodgings, I so order'd it, the choice seem'd his, not mine.

Sir Mart. I have hit of a thing my self sometimes, when wiser Heads have miss'd it —— But that might be meer luck.

La. Dupe. Fortune does more than Wisdom.

Sir Mart. Nay, for that you shall excuse me;
I will not value any mans Fortune at a rush,

Except he have Wit and Partsto bear him out.
But when do you expect 'em?

La Dupe. This Tide will bring them from *Gravesend*.
You had best let your man go as from me,
And wait them at the Staus in *Durham*-yard.

Sir Mart. Lord, Cousin, what a do is here with your Counsel!
As though I could not have thought of that my self.
I could find in my heart not to send him now —— stay a little
—— I could soon find out some other way.

Warn. A minute's stay may lose your business, ——

Sir Mart. Well, go then, —— but you must grant, if he had stay'd, I could have found a better way, ——— you grant it.

La Dupe. For once I will not stand with you. —[*Exit Warner.*
'Tis a sweet Gentlewoman this Mrs. *Millisent*, if you can get her.

Sir Mart. Let me alone for plotting.

La Dupe. But by your favour, Sir, 'tis not so easie,
Her Father has already promis'd her:
And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em:
I partly know the man, —— but the old Squire is humoursome,
He's stout, and plain in speech and in behaviour;
He loves none of the fine Town-tricks of breeding,
But stands up for the old *Elizabeth* way in all things.
This we must work upon.

Sir Mart. Sure! you think you have to deal with a Fool, Cousin? [*Enter Mrs. Christian.*

La Dupe. O my dear Neice, I have some business with you.
[*Whispers.*

Sir Mart. Well, Madam, I'le take one turn here i'th *Piazza's*;
A thousand things are hammering in this head;
'Tis a fruitful Noddle, though I say it, [*Exit Sir Martin.*

La Dupe. Go thy ways for a most conceited Fool. ———
But to our business, Cousin: you are young, but I am old, and have had all the Love-experience that a discreet Lady ought to have; and therefore let me instruct you about the Love this rich Lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's Marry'd, so that we cannot work upon that ground of Matrimony.

La Dupe. But there are advantages enough for you, if you will be wise and follow my advice. *Chr.* Madam,

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your care, therefore I will wholly follow your Counsel with secrecy and obedience.

La Dupe. Sweet-heart, it shall be the better for you another day: well then, this Lord that pretends to you is crafty and false, as most men are, especially in Love, —— therefore we must be subtle to meet with all his Plots, and have Countermines against his Workes to blow him up.

Chr. As how, Madam?

La Dupe. Why, Girl, hee'l make fierce Love to you, but you must not suffer him to ruffle you, or steal a kiss: but you must weep and sigh, and say you'l tell me on't, and that you will not be us'd so, and play the innocent just like a Child, and seem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you 'Ile be very ignorant, Madam.

La Dupe. And be sure when he has tows'd you, not to appear at Supper that night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

La Dupe. That he may think you have told me,

Chr. I Madam.

La. Dupe. And keep your Chamber, and say your head akes.

Chr. O, most extreamly, Madam.

La Dupe. And lock the door, and admit of no night-visits: at Supper I'l ask where's my Cousin, and being told you are not well, I'l start from the Table to visit you, desiring his Lordship not to incommode himself, for I will presently wait on him agen.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

La Dupe. Then somewhat discompos'd, I'l say, I doubt the Meazles or Small-pox will seize on you, and then the Girl is spoil'd, saying, Poor thing, her Portion is her Beauty and her Vertue, and often send to see how you do, by whispers in my Servants ears, and have those whispers of your health return'd to mine: if his Lordship thereupon askes how you do, I will pretend it was some other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him further in suspence.

La Dupe. A hopeful Girl! Then will I eate nothing that night, feigning my grief for you, but keep his Lordship Company at Meal, and seem to strive to put my passion off, yet shew it still by small mistakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

La. Dupe. A dainty Girl? and after Supper visit you again, with promise to return strait to his Lordship: but after I am gone send an Excuse, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that night in person with you.

Chr. His Lordship then will find the Prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

La. Dupe. And more than that, fearing his Father should know of it, and his Wife, who is a Termagant Lady: but when he finds the Coast is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with joy.

Chr. Finding my simple Innocence, which will inflame him more.

La. Dupe. Then what the Lyon's skin has fail'd him in, the Foxes subtlety must next supply, and that is just, Sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty Folks treaties are their advantage: especially when his passion must be satisfi'd at any rate, and you keep shop to set the price of Love: so now you see the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational; and by the blessing of Heav'n upon my poor endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

La. Dupe. My blessing and my pray'rs go along with thee.

Enter Sir John Swallow, *Mrs.* Millesent, and Rose *her Maid.*

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heiress you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

La. Dupe. Howe're I am Sir *Martins* Friend, I must not seem his Enemy.

Sir John. Madam, this fair young Lady begs the honour to be known to you.

Mill. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

La. Dupe. Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freshness of the Country up to Town with you. [*They salute.*

Mill. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlewomen use, at an *Easter*-Term, to the destruction of Tarts and Cheese-cakes to see a New Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and so down agen to sleep with my Fore-fathers. *Sir*

Sir John. Rather, Madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor Heart, that like mine will languish for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indispos'd with your Voyage; will you please to see the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mill. To wait upon you, Madam.

La. Dupe. This is the door, —— there is a Gent'eman will wait you immediately in your Lodging, if he might presume on your Commands. [*In whisper.*

Mill. You mean Sir *Martin Marrall*: I am glad he has entrusted his passion with so discreet a person. [*In whisper.*

La. Dupe. Sir *John*, let me intreat you to stay here, that my Father may have intelligence where to find us.

Sir John. I shall obey you, Madam. [*Exeunt Women.*

Enter Sir Martin,

Sir John. Sir *Martin Marrall*! most happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir Mart. Some three dayes since, or thereabouts: but I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir John. Why, what's the matter, man?

Sir Mart. My villainous old luck still follows me in gaming, I never throw the Dice out of my hand, but my Gold goes after 'em: if I go to Picquet, though it be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and Capot me twenty times together: and which most mads me, I lose all my Sets when I want but one of up.

Sir John. The pleasure of play is lost, when one loses at that unreasonable rate.

Sir Mart. But I have sworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half year.

Sir John. The Oaths of losing Gamesters are most minded; they sometimes play as an angry Servant does his Mistress, because he loves her but too well.

Sir Mart. But I am now taken up with thoughts of another nature, I am in love, Sir.

Sir John. That's the worst Game you could have play'd at, scarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the

Square:

Square: you venture at more uncertainty than at a Lottery: for you set your heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But is your Mistress Widow, Wife, or Maid?

Sir Mart. I can assure you, Sir, mine is a Maid;
The Heiress of a wealthy Family,
Fair to a Miracle.

Sir John. Does she accept your service?

Sir Mart. I am the only person in her favour. [*Enter* Warner

Sir John. Is she of Town or Country?

Warn. aside. How's this?

Sir Mart. She is of *Kent*, near *Canterbury*.

Warn. What does he mean? this is his Rival —— [*Aside.*

Sir John. Near *Canterbury* say you? I have a small Estate lies thereabouts, and more concernments than one besides.

Sir Mart. I'l tell you then, being at *Canterbury*;
It was my Fortune once in the Cathedral Church ——

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intrust this man with your Affair thus? ——

Sir Mart. Trust him? why, he's a friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you a Word Sir. ——

Sir Mart. Prethee leave fooling: — and as I was saying — I was in the Church when I first saw this fair one.

Sir John. Her Name, Sir, I beseech you.

Warn. For Heaven's sake, Sir, have a care?

Sir Mart. Thou art such a Coxcomb. —— Her name's *Millisent*.

Warn. Now, the Pox take you Sir, what do you mean?

Sir John. Millisent say you? that's the name of my Mistress.

Sir Mart. Lord! what luck is that now! well Sir, it happen'd, one of her Gloves fell down, I stoop'd to take it up; And in the stooping made her a Complement. ——

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him, now will this thick-skull'd Master of mine tell the whole story to his Rival ——

Sir Mart. You'l say, 'twas strange Sir; but at the first glance we cast on one another, both our hearts leap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and with a tickling kind of pain slid to each others breast, and in one moment setled as close and warm, as if they long had been acquainted with their lodging. I follow'd her somewhat at a distance, because her Father was with her.

Warn. Yet

Warn. Yet hold Sir.——

Sir Mart. Sawcy Rascal, avoid my sight; Must you tutor me? So Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out her Father's House, without whose knowledge I did Court the Daughter, and both then and often since coming to *Canterbury*, I receiv'd many proofs of her kindness to me.

Warn. You had best tell him too, that I am acquainted with her Maid, and manage your love under-hand with her.

Sir Mart. Well remember'd i'faith, I thank thee for that, I had forgot it I protest! my *Valet de Chambre*, whom you see here with me, grows me acquainted with her Woman——

Warn. O the Devil.——

Sir Mart. In fine Sir, this Maid being much in her Mistresses favour, so well sollicited my Cause, that in fine I gain'd from fair Mistress *Millisent* an assurance of her kindness, and an ingagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair discovery!——

Sir John. A most pleasant Relation I assure you: you are a happy man Sir! but, What occasion brought you now to *London*?

Sir Mart. That was in expectation to meet my Mistress here; she writ me word from *Canterbury*, she and her Father shortly would be here.

Sir John. She and her Father, said you Sir?

Warn. Tell him Sir for Heavens sake tell him all——

Sir Mart. So I will Sir, without your bidding: her Father and she are come up already, that's the truth on't, and are to lodge by my Contrivance in yon House; the Master of which is a cunning Rascal as any in Town —— him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill, Sir, to speak so scandalously of my Landlord.

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'l break your Fool's head, —— So that by his means I shall have free egress and regress when I please Sir—— without her Fathers knowledge.

Warn. I am out of patience to hear this.——

Sir John. Methinks you might do well, Sir, to speak openly to her Father.

Sir Mart.

Sir Mart. Thank you for that i'faith, in speaking to old *Moody* I may soon spoil all.

Warn. So now he has told her Father's name, 'tis past recovery.

Sir John. Is her Fathers name *Moody* say you?

Sir Mart. Is he of your acquaintance?

Sir John. Yes Sir, I know him for a man
Who is too wise for you to over-reach;
I am certain he will never marry his Daughter
To you.

Sir Mart. Why, there's the jest on't:
He shall never know it: 'tis but your
Keeping of my Counsel; I'le do as much for you
man——

Sir John. No Sir, I'le give you better; trouble not your self about this Lady; her affections are otherwise engaged to my knowledge — hark in your Ear — her Father hates a Gamester like a Devil: I'le keep your Counsel for that too.

Sir Mart. Nay but this is not all dear *Sir John.*

Sir John. Th's is all I assure you: only I will make bold
To seek your Mistress out another Lodging —— [*Ex.* Sir John.

Warn. Your Affairs are now put into an excellent posture, Thank your incomparable discretion —— this was a Stratagem my shallow wit could ne're have reach'd, to make a Confident of my Rival.

Sir Mart. I hope thou art not in earnest man! is he my Rival?

Warn. 'Slife he has not found it out all this while! well Sir for a quick apprehension let you alone.

Sir Mart. How the Devil cam'st thou to know ont? and Why the Devil didst thou not tell me ont?

Warn. To the first of your Devil's I answer, her Maid *Rose* told me on't: to the second I wish a thousand Devils take him that would not hear me.

Sir Mart. O unparallell'd Misfortune!

Warn. O unparrelell'd ignorance! why he left her Father at the water-side, while he lead the Daughter to her Lodging, whither I directed him; so that if you had not laboured to the contrary, Fortune had plac'd you in the same House with your Mistress, without the least suspicion of your Rival or of her Father,

ther: but, 'tis well, you have satisfi'd your talkative humour: *I* hope you have some new project of your own to set all right agen: for my part I confess all my designs, for you are wholly ruin'd; the very foundations of 'em are blown up.

Sir Mart. Prethee insult not over the Destiny of a poor undone Lover, I am punish'd enough for my indiscretion in my despair, and have nothing to hope for now but death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-word, things are not brought to that extremity, I'l cast about to save all yet.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. O, Sir *Martin!* yonder has been such a stir within, Sir *John*, I fear, smoaks your design, and by all means would have the old man remove his Lodging; pray God your man has not play'd false.

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb sufficient to do it, my Master knows that none but such a great Calf as I could have done it, such an over-grown Ass, a self-conceited Ideot as I.--

Sir. Mart. Nay, *Warner*,--

Warn. Pray, Sir, let me alone: ---- what is it to you if I rail upon my self? now could I break my own Loggar-head.

Sir. Mart. Nay, sweet *Warner*.

Warn. What a good Master have *I*, and *I* to ruine him: O Beast! ———

La Dupe. Not to discourage you wholly, Sir *Martin*, this storm is partly over.

Sir Mart. As how, dear Cousin.

La D. When *I* heard Sir *John* complain of the Landlord, I took the first hint of it, and joyn'd with him, saying, if she were such an one, I would have nothing to do with him: in short *I* ratled him so well, that Sir *John* was the first who did desire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that *I* was your Kinswoman.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, now *I* think on't, I could have found out this my self. ——

Warn. Are you there agen, Sir? — now as I have a Soul—

Sir Mart. Mum, good *Warner*, *I* did but forget my self a little, *I* leave my self wholly to you, and my Cousin; get but my Mistress for me, and claim what e'r reward you can desire.

Warn. Hope of reward will diligence beget,
Find you the Money, and *I*'l find the wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

Enter Lady Dupe, *and Mrs.* Christian.

Chr. I hapned Madam, just as you said it would,
But was he so concern'd for my feign'd sickness?

La. D. So much that *Moody* and his Daughter, our new Guests, took notice of the trouble, but the Cause was kept too close for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in love, and then----

La. D. And then thou shalt distil him into Gold my Girl.
Yonder he comes, I'l not be seen:---- you know
Your Lesson, Child. [*Exit.*

Chr. I warrant you. [*Enter* Lord Dartmouth.

Lord. Pretty Mistress *Christian*,
How glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm I warrant you, but why are you so fraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n of his mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet claw'd off your last ill usage, and now I feel my old fit come again, my Ears tingle already, and my back shuts and opens; I, just so it began before.

Lord Nay, my sweet Mistress, be not so unjust
To suspect any new attempt:
I am too penitent for my last fault,
So soon to sin agen. ----
I hope you did not tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never shal repent your goodness to me,
But may not I presume there was some little
Kindness in it, which mov'd you to conceal my
Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have mine Aunt angry with you for all this earthly good;

But

But yet I'l never be alone with you agen.

Lord. Pretty Innocence! let me sit nearer to you:
You do not understand what love I bear you,
I vow it is so pure ——
My Soul's not sully'd with one spot of sin:
Were you a Sister or a Daughter to me,
With a more holy Flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you speak high words —— I cannot understand you.

Lord. The business of my life shall be but how to make your Fortune, and my care and study to advance and see you settled in the World.

Chr. I humbly thank your Lordship.

Lord. Thus I would sacrifice my Life and Fortunes,
And in return you cruelly destroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy so near me?
Touching her hand Glov'd.
Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fye my Lord, in faith you are to blame. *Pulling her hand away.*

Lord. But *I* am for fair Wars, an Enemy must first be search'd for privy Armour e'r we do ingage. *Pulls at her glove*

Chr. What does your Lordship mean?

Lord. *I* fear you bear some Spells and Charms about you,
And, Madam, that's against the Laws of Arms.

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your eyes, but *I* will thus preserve it. *(hugging her bare hand.*

Chr. Why do you crush it so? nay, now you hurt me, nay —— if you squeeze it ne'r so hard —— there's nothing to come out on't —— fye —— is this loving one —— What makes you take your breath so short?

Lord. The Devil take me if *I* can answer her a word,
All my Sences are quite imploy'd another way.

Chr. Ne'r stir, my Lord, I must cry out ——

Lord. Then *I* must stop your mouth — this Ruby for a Kiss —

that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worse and worse.

Lady within. Why Neece, where are you Neece?

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? *I* shall be hang'd for staying with you — let me go my Lord. [*Gets from him.*

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. D. My Lord, Heaven bless me, what makes your Lordship here?

Lord. *I* was just wishing for you Madam, your Neece and *I* have been so laughing at the blunt humour of your Country-Gentleman, — *I* must go pass an hour with him. [*Ex.* Lord.

Chr. You made a little too much haste;
I was just exchanging a Kiss for a Ruby.

Lad. No harm done; it will make him come on the faster:
Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly:
The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl *I* warrant you.

Chr. But what must *I* do next?

La. Dupe. Tell him *I* grew suspicious, and examin'd you
Whether he made not Love; which you deny'd.
Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you;
So that you tremble when you see his Lordship.

Chr. And that your Daughters are so envious, that they would raise a false report to ruine me.

La. D. Therefore you desire his Lordship,
As he loves you, of which you are confident,
Hence-forward to forbear his Visits to you.

Chr. But how if he should take me at my Word?

La. D. Why, if the worst come to the worst, he leaves you an honest woman, and there's an end on't: but fear not that, hold out his messages, and then he'll write, and that is it my Bird which you must drive it to: then all his Letters will be such Extacies, such Vows and Promises, which you must answer short and simply, yet still ply out of 'em your advantages.

Chr. But, Madam! he's i'th' house, he will not write.

La. D. You Fool— he'll write from the next Chamber to you. And rather than fail, send his Page-Post with it upon a Hobby-horse:— then grant a Meeting, but tell me of it, and *I* le prevent

vent him by my being there; he'l curse me, but I care not.
When you are alone, he'l urge his lust, which answer you with
scorn and anger. ——

Chr. As thus an't please you, Madam?
What? Does he think I will be damn'd for him?
Defame my Family, ruine my Name,
To satisfie his pleasure?

La Dupe. Then he will be prophane in's Arguments,
Urge Natures Laws to you.

Chr. By'r Lady, and those are shrewd Arguments;
But I am resolved I'l stop my Ears.

La Dupe. Then when he sees no other thing will move you,
He'l sign a portion to you before hand:
Take hold of that, and then of what you will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John, *Mrs.* Millisent, *and* Rose.

Sir John. Now fair Mrs. *Millisent*, you see your Chamber,
Your Father will be busie a few minutes, and in the mean time
permits me the happiness to wait on you. ——

Mill. Methinks you might have chose us better Lodgings,
This house is full; the other we saw first, was more convenient.

Sir John. For you perhaps, but not for me:
You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.

Mill. What Rival?

Sir John. You know, Sir *Martin*, I need not name it to
you.

Mill. I know more men besides him.

Sir John. But you love none besides him: Can you deny your
affection to him?

Mill. You have vex'd me so, I will not satisfie you.

Sir John. Then I perceive I am not likely to be so much ob-
lig'd to you as I was to him.

Mill. This is Romance, —— I'l not believe a word on't. ——

Sir John. That's as you please: however 'tis believ'd,
His wit will not much credit your choice.
Madam, do justice to us both; pay his ingratitude and folly with
your scorn; my service with your Love.
By this time your Father stayes for me: I shall be discreet enough

to

to keep this fault of yours from him;
The Lawyers wait for us to draw your Joynture:
And I would beg your pardon for my absence,
But that my Crime is punish'd in it self. [*Exit.*

Mill. Could I suspect this usage from a favour'd Servant!

Rose. First hear Sir *Martin* e're you quite condemn him;
Consider 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.

Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf: —— Methought too, Sir *John* call'd him Fool.

Rose. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it so naturally, it can be scarce distinguish'd.

Mill. Nay, he has wit enough, that's certain.

Rose. How blind Love is!

Enter Warner.

Mill. How now, what's his business?
I wonder after such a Crime,
If his Master has the face to send him to me.

Rose. How durst you venture hither?
If either Sir *John* or my old Master see you.

Warn. Pish! they are both gone out.

Rose. They went but to the next street; ten to one but they return and catch you here.

Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and save um a labour.

Mill. What says that Fellow to you? what business can he have here?

Warn. Lord, that your Ladiship should ask that question, Knowing whom I serve!

Mill. I'le hear nothing from your Master.

Warn. Never breathe, but this anger becomes your Ladiship most admirably; but though you'l hear nothing from him, I hope I may speak a word or two to you from my self, Madam.

Rose. 'Twas a sweet Prank your Master play'd us: a Lady's well helpt up that trusts her Honour in such a persons hands: to tell all so, —— and to his Rival too.
Excuse him if thou canst. (*Aside.*

Warn. How the Devil should I excuse him? thou knowest he is the greatest Fop in Nature —— (*Aside to* Rose.

Rose. But my Lady does not know it; if she did ——

Mill.

Mill. I'le have no whispering.——

Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the confidence to speak out, Unless you can take mercy on me.

Mill. For what?

Warn. For telling Sir *John* you lov'd my Master, Madam. But sure I little thought he was his Rival.

Rose. The witty Rogue has taken't on himself. *Aside.*

Mill. Your Master then is innocent.

Warn. Why, could your Ladyship suspect him guilty? Pray tell me, do you think him Ungrateful, or a fool?

Mill. I think him neither.

Warn. Take it from me, you see not the depth of him. But when he knows what thoughts you harbour of him, As I am faithful, and must tell him,—— I wish he does not take some pet, and leave you.

Mill. Thou art not mad I hope, to tell him on't; If thou dost, I'le be sworn, I'le forswear it to him.

Warn. Upon condition then you'l pardon me, I'le see what I can do to hold my tongue.

Mill. This Evening in S. *James*'s Park I'le meet him. (*Knock within*)

Warn. He shall not fail you, Madam.

Rose. Some body knocks——Oh Madam, what shall we do! 'Tis Sir *John*, I hear his voice.

Warn. What will become of me?

Mill. Step quickly behind that Door,

To them Sir John. (*He goes out.*

Mill. You've made a quick dispatch, Sir.

Sir John. We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within,—— but I must look some Writings.

Mill. Where are they laid?

Sir John. In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-room. (*Is going*

Mill. Pray stay a little, Sir.—— *to the Door.*)

Warn. at the Door. He must pass just by me; and if he sees me, I am but a dead man.

Sir John. Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me?

Mill. Only a word or two I have to tell you.

'Tis

'Tis of importance to you. ——

Sir John. Give me leave. ——

Mill. I must not before I discover the Plot to you.

Sir John. What Plot?

Mill. Sir *Martins* Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither
To tempt me from his Master, to have met him.

Warn. at the Door. Now would I had a good Bag of Gun-powder at my Breech to ram me into some hole.

Mill. for my part I was so startled at the Message,
That I shall scarcely be my self these two dayes.

Sir John. Oh that I had the Rascal! I would teach him
To come upon such Errands.

Warn. Oh for a gentle Composition now!
An Arm or Leg I would give willingly.

Sir John. What Answer did you make the Villain?

Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly, by a Promise
Of an appointment of a place I nam'd,
Where I ne'r meant to come: but would have had
The pleasure first to tell you how I serv'd him.

Sir John. And then to chide your mean suspicion of me,
Indeed I wonder'd you should love a Fool.
But where did you appoint to meet him?

Mill. In *Grayes-Inn* Walks.

Warn. By this Light, she has put the change upon him!
O sweet Woman-kind, how I love thee for that heavenly gift of lying!

Sir John. For this even'ng I will be his Mistress;
He shall meet another *Penelope* then he suspects.

Mill. But stay not long away.

Sir John. You over-joy me, Madam. [*Exit.*

Warn. entring. Is he gone, Madam?

Mill. As far as *Grayes-Inn* Walks: now I have time
To walk the other way, and see thy Master.

Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid
A Plot shall send his Rival far enough from watching him e'r long.

Mill. Art thou in earnest?

Warn. 'Tis so design'd, Fate cannot hinder it.

Our

Our Landlord where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings should be so left by Sir *John*, is resolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the way.
You'l see th' effect on't presently.

Rose. O Heavens! the door opens agen, and Sir *John* is return'd once more.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Ha'f my business was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Rascal here?

Warn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, else I must have left untold a Message I have for you.

Sir John. Well, What's your business, Sirrah?

Warn. We must be private first; 'Tis only for your ear.

Rose. I shall admire his wit, if in this plunge he can get off.

Warn. I came hither, Sir, by my Masters order. ——

Sir John. I'l reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.

Warn. When you know all, I shall deserve it, Sir;
I came to sound the Vertue of your Mistress; which I have done so cunningly, I have at last obtain'd the promise of a meeting.
But my good Master, whom I must confess more generous than wise, knowing you had a passion for her, is resolv'd to quit:
And, Sir, that you may see how much he loves you, sent me in private to advise you still to have an eye upon her actions.

Sir John. Take this Diamond for thy good news;
And give thy Master my acknowledgments.

Warn. Thus the World goes, my Masters, he that will cozen you, commonly gets your good will into the bargain. [*Aside.*

Sir John. Madam, I am now satisfi'd of all sides; first of your truth, then of Sir *Martins* friendship,
In short, I find you two cheated each other,
Both to be true to me.

Mill. Warner is got off as I would wish, and the Knight overreach'd.

Enter to them the Landlord *disguis'd like a Carrier.*

Rose. How now! What would this Carrier have?

Warn. This is our Landlord whom I told you of; but keep your Countenance. —— (*Aside to her.*

Landl. I was looking here-away for one Sir *John Swallow*; they told me I might hear news of him in this House.

Sir John. Friend, I am the man: What have you to say to me?

Landl. Nay, 'Faith Sir, I am not so good a Schollard to say much, But I have a Letter for you in my Pouch:
There's plaguy news in't, I can tell you that.

Sir John. From whom is your Letter?

Landl. From your old Uncle *Anthony*.

Sir John. Give me your Letter quickly.

Landl. Nay, soft and fair goes far. —— Hold you, hold you. It is not in this Pocket.

Sir John. Search in the other then; I stand on Thorns.

Land. I think I feel it now, this should be who.

Sir John. Pluck it out then.

Land. I'l pluck out my Spectacles and see first. (*Reads.*
To Mr. *Paul Grimbard* —— Apprentice to ——
No, that's not for you, Sir, — that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Cousin of my Gossip *Dobson*.

Sir John. Prithee dispatch; do'st thou not know the Contents on't?

Landl. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noster*.

Sir John. Well, What's the business on't?

Landl. Nay, no great business; 'tis but only that your Worships Father's dead.

Sir John. My loss is beyond expression! how dy'd he?

Landl. He went to bed as well to see to as any man in *England*, And when he awaken'd the next morning. ——

Sir *John.* What then?

Landl. He found himself stark dead.

Sir *John.* Well, I must of necessity take orders for my Father's Funeral, and my estate; Heaven knows with what regret I leave you, Madam.

Mill. But are you in such haste, Sir? I see you take all occasions to be from me.

Sir *John.* Dear Madam, say not so, a few days will, I hope, return me to you.

To

To them Sir Martin.

Noble Sir *Martin*, the welcomeſt man alive!
Let me embrace my Friend.

Roſe. How untowardly he returns the ſa'ute! *Warner* will be found out. [*aſide.*

Sir John. Well friend! you have oblig'd me to you eternally.

Sir Mart. How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I ſcorn your words; and I would I were hang'd, if it be not the fartheſt of my thoughts.

Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool moſt naturally. Were we alone, how would we laugh together? [*aſide.*

Sir John. This is a double generoſity,
To do me favours and conceal 'um from me;
But honeſt *Warner* here has told me all.

Sir Mart. What has the Raſcal told you?

Sir John. Your plot to try my Miſtreſs for me —— you underſtand me, concerning your appointment.

Warn. Sir, I deſire to ſpeak in private with you.

Sir Mart. This impertinent Raſcal, when I am moſt buſie, I am ever troubled with him.

Warn. But it concerns you I ſhould ſpeak with you, good Sir.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, thou know'ſt breeding well, that I ſhould whiſper with a Serving-man before company.

Warn. Remember, Sir, laſt time it had been better——

Sir Mart. Peace, or I'le make you feel my double Fiſts;
If I don't fright him, the ſawcy Rogue will call me fool before the Company.

Mill. That was acted moſt naturally again. [*aſide.*

Sir John. to him. But what needs this diſſembling, ſince you are Reſolv'd to quit my Miſtreſs to me?

Sir Mart. I quit my Miſtreſs! that's a good one i'faith.

Mill. Tell him you have forſaken me. (*aſide.*

Sir Mart. I underſtand you, Madam, you would ſave A quarrel; but i'faith I'm not ſo baſe:
I'le ſee him hang'd firſt.

Warn. Madam, my Maſter is convinc'd, in prudence

He should say so: but Love o'remasters him;
When you are gone perhaps he may.

Mill. I'le go then: Gentlemen, your Servant;
I see my presence brings constraint to the Company.

Exeunt Mill. Rose.

Sir John. I'm glad she's gone; now we may talk more freely;
For if you have not quitted her, you must.

Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your self; did not you send me of a message to Sir *John*, that for his friendship you had left Mistress *Millisent*.

Sir Mart. Why, what an impudent lying Rogue art thou!

Sir John. How's this! has *Warner* cheated me?

Warn. Do not suspect it in the least: you know, Sir,
It was not generous before a Lady,
To say he quitted her.

Sir John. O! was that it?

Warn. That was all: say, Yes good Sir *John* —— or I'le swinge you. [*aside*

Sir Mart. Yes, good Sir *John*.

Warn. That's well, once in his life he has heard good counsel.

Sir Mart. Heigh, Heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put on a Fools Coat I think to make us laugh.

Warn. The Devil's in him; he's at it again; his folly's like a sore in a surfeited Horse; cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another.

Sir Mart. Honest Landlord i'faith, and what make you here?

Sir John. Are you acquainted with this honest man?

Landl. Take heed what you say, Sir. [*To Sir* Martin *softly.*

Sir Mart. Take heed what I say, Sir, why? who should I be afraid of? of you, Sir? I say, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reason to know him, Sir, for I am sure I lodge in his House, Sir, —— nay never think to terrifie me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles* Street, Sir.

Land. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.

Sir John. Sirrah, did not you tell me that my Father ——

Land. Is in very good health, for ought I know, Sir; I beseech you to trouble your self no farther concerning him.

Sir John. Who set you on to tell this lye?

Sir Mart. I, who ſet you on Sirrah? this was a Rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: down on your marribones and confeſs the truth: have you no tongue you Raſcal?

Sir John. Sure 'tis ſome ſilenc'd Miniſter: he's grown ſo fat he cannot ſpeak.

Land. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your ſake I did it.

Warn. For my Maſters ſake! why you impudent Varlet, do you think to 'ſcape us with a lye?

Sir John. How was it for his ſake?

Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th'occaſion the Lady lodg'd not at his Houſe, and ſo he invented this lye; partly to revenge himſelf of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again when you were gone.

Sir John. Fetch me a Cudgel prithee.

Land. O good Sir! if you beat me I ſhall run into oyl immediately,

Warn. Hang him Rogue; he's below your anger: I'le maul him for you — the Rogue's ſo big, I think 'twill ask two days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*

Land. O Rogue, O Villain *Warner!* bid him hold
And I'le confeſs, Sir.

Warn. Get you gone without replying: muſt ſuch as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*

Enter Roſe. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.

Sir John. Friend will you go along, and take part of a bad Repaſt?

Sir Mart. Thank you; but I am juſt riſen from Table.

Warn. Now he might fit with his Miſtreſs, and has not the wit to find it out.

Sir John. You ſhall be very welcome.

Sir Mart. I have no ſtomach, Sir.

Warn. Get you in with a vengeance: you have a better ſtomack than you think you have. [*Puſhes him.*

Sir Mart. This hungry *Diego* Rogue would ſhame me;
He thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Servingman.

Sir John. If you will not, adieu dear Sir;

In

In any thing command me. [*Exit.*

Sir Mart. Now we are alone; han't I carry'd matters bravely, Srrah.

Warn. O yes, yes, you deserve Sugar Plums; first for Your quarrelling with *Sir John*; then for d scovering your Landlord, and lastly for refusing to dine with your Mistress: All this is since the last reckoning was wip'd out.

Sir Mart. Then why did my Landlord disguise himself, to make a Fool of us?

Warn. You have so little Brains, that a Penn'orth of Butter melted under 'um, would set 'um afloat: he put on that disguise to rid you of your Rival.

Sir Mart. Why, Was not I worthy to keep your counsel then?

Warn. It had been much at one: you would but have drunk the secret down, and pis's'd it out to the next company.

Sir Mart. Well, *I* find *I* am a miserable man: I have lost my Mistress, and may thank my self for't.

Warn. You'l not confess you are a fool, I warrant.

Sir Mart. Well *I* am a fool, if that will satisfie you: but What am *I* the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes, much the nearer; for now Fortune's bound to provide for you; As Hospita's are built for lame people, because they cannot help themselves.
Well; *I* have yet a project in my pate.

Sir Mart. Dear Rogue, What is't?

Warn. Excuse me for that: but while 'tis set a working You would do well to screw your self into her Fathers good opinion.

Sir Mart. If you will not tell me, my mind gives me *I* shall discover it again.

Warn. I'l lay it as far out of your reach as I can possible.
— For secrets are edg'd Tools,
And must be kept from Children and from Fools. (*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. III.

Enter Rose *and* Warner *meeting.*

Rose. YOur Worship's most happily encounter'd.

VVarn. Your Ladiship's most fortunately met.

Rose. I was going to your Lodging.

VVarn. My business was to yours.

Rose. I have something to say to you that ——

VVarn. I have that to tell you ——

Rose. Understand then ——

VVarn. If you'l hear me ——

Rose. I believe that ——

VVarn. I am of opinion that ——

Rose. Prithee hold thy peace a little till *I* have done.

VVarn. Cry you mercy, Mistress *Rose*, I'l not dispute your ancient priviledges of talking.

Rose. My Mistress, knowing Sir *John* was to be abroad upon business this Afternoon, has asked leave to see a Play: and Sir *John* has so great a confidence of your Master, that he will trust nobody with her, but him.

VVarn. If my Master gets her out, *I* warrant her, he shall show her a better Play than any is at either of the Houses — here they are: I'le run and prepare him to wait upon her. (*Exit.*

Enter Old Moody, *Mistress* Millesent, *and Lady* Dupe.

Mill. My Hoods and Scarfs there, quickly.

La. Send to call a Coach there.

Mood. But what kind of man is this Sir *Martin*, with whom you are to go?

La. A plain down-right Country Gentleman, I assure you.

Mood. I like him much the better for't.
For *I* hate one of those you call a man o'th' Town,
One of those empty fellows of meer out-side:
They've nothing of the true old English manliness.

Rose.

Rose. I confess, Sir, a Woman's in a sad condition, that has nothing to trust to, but a Perriwig above, and a well-trim'd shoe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is Sir *John*'s friend, he is for your humour, Sir, He is no man o'th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* way of plainness.

Sir Mart. I, Madam, your Ladiship may say your pleasure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unlucky I could not see him first ——

Sir Mart. But, as for Painting, Musick, Poetry, and the like, I'l say this of my self ——

Warn. I'l say that for him, my Master understands none of 'um, I assure you, Sir.

Sir Mart. You impudent Rascal, hold your Tongue: I must rid my hands of this fellow; the Rogue is ever discrediting me before Company.

Moody. Never trouble yourself about it, Sir, for I like a man that ——

Sir Mart. I know you do, Sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worse of me for his prating: for, though I do not boast of my own good parts ——

Warn. He has none to boast of, upon my faith, Sir.

Sir Mart. Give him not the hearing, Sir; for, if I may believe my friends, they have flatter'd me with an opinion of more ——

Warn. Of more than their flattery can make good, Sir; —— 'tis true he tells you, they have flatter'd him; but, in my Conscience he is the most downright simple natur'd creature in the world.

Sir Mart. I shall consider you hereafter Sirrah; but I am sure in all Companies I pass for a *Vertuoso*.

Mood. Vertuoso? What's that too? is not *Vertue* enough without *Oso?*

Sir Mart. You have Reason, Sir!

Mood. There he is again too; the Town Phrase, a great Compliment I wiss; you have Reason, Sir; that is, you are no beast, Sir.

Warn.

Warn. A word in private Sir; you mistake this old man; he loves neither Painting, Musick, nor Poetry; yet recover your self, if you have any brains. *(aside to him.*

Sir *Mart.* Say you so? I'le bring all about again I warrant you —— I beg your pardon a thousand times Sir; I vow to Gad I am not Master of any of those perfections; for in fine, Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting, Musick, and Poetry; Only some rude escapes —— but, in fine, they are such, that, In fine, Sir ——

Warn. This is worse than all the rest. *(aside.*

Mood. By Coxbones one word more of all this Gibberish, and old Madge shall fly about your ears: What is this *in fine* he keeps such a coil with too?

Mill. 'Tis a Phrase *a-la-mode*, Sir, and is us'd in conversation now, as a whiff of Tobacco was formerly, in the midst of a discourse, for a thinking while.

La. In plain English, *in fine*, is in the end, Sir.

Mood. But by Coxbones there is no end on't me thinks: if thou wilt have a foolish word to lard thy lean discourse with, take an English one when thou speakest English; as So Sir, and Then Sir, and so forth; 'tis a more manly kind of nonsence: and a Pox of *In fine*, for I'l hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravell'd, and I must help him out. *(Aside.* Madam, there's a Coach at Door to carry you to the Play.

Sir *Mart.* Which House do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Dukes, I think.

Sir Mart. It is a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let us to the Kings.

Sir Mart. That's e'ne as bad.

Warn. This is past enduring. *(aside.* There was an ill Play set up, Sir, on the Posts, but I can assure you the Bills are altered since you saw 'um, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houses.

Mood. But my Daughter loves serious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir Mart. I have heard her say she loves none but Tragedies.

Mood. Where have you heard her say so, Sir?

Warn. Sir you forget your self, you never saw her in your life before.

Sir Mart. What not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? this is the impudenteſt Raſcal——

Warn. Mum, Sir——

Sir Mart. Ah Lord, what have I done! as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I ſet eyes on her before this day——I wiſh——

Mood. This fellow is not ſo much fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be diſcovered for a wit: this 'tis to over act ones part! *(aſide.*

Mood. Come away Daughter I will not truſt you in his hands; there's more in't than I imagin'd.

Exeunt Moody, Mill, Lady, Roſe.

Sir Mart. Why do you frown upon me ſo, when you know your looks go to the heart of me; what have I done beſides a little *lapſus linguæ*?

Warn. Why, who ſayes you have done any thing? you, a meer Innocent.

Sir Mart. As the Child's that be born in my intentions; if I know how I have offended my ſelf any more than in one word.——

Warn. But don't follow me however——I have nothing to ſay to you.

Sir Mart. I'le follow you to the worlds end, till you forgive me.

Warn. I am reſolv'd to lead you a Dance then. *[Exit running.*

Sir Mart. The Rogue has no mercy in him, but I muſt mollifie him with money. *Exit.*

Enter old La. Truly my little Couſin's the apteſt Scholar, and takes out loves leſſons ſo exactly that I joy to ſee it: ſhe has got already the Bond of two thouſand pounds ſeal'd for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty good beginning: 'tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her, and ſo let him; *Mark Anthony* wooed not at ſo dear a price.

To her Chr. O Madam, I fear I am breeding!

La. A raking Wench! but 'tis no matter, have you told any body?

Chr. I have been venturing upon your foundations, a little to diſſemble.

La. That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive with thee, as it has with me: Heaven has a bleſſing in ſtore upon our endeavours.

Chr.

Chr. I feign'd my self sick, and kept my bed; my Lord, he came to visit me, and in the end I disclos'd it to him in the saddest passion.

La. This frighted him, I hope, into a study how to cloak your disgrace, lest it should have vent to his Lady.

Chr. 'Tis true; but all the while *I* subt'ly drove it, that he should name you to me as the fittest instrument of the concealment; but how to break it to you, strangely does perplex him: he has been seeking you all o'r the house; therefore I'l leave your Ladiship, for fear we should be seen together. (*Exit.*

La. Now *I* must play my part; Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord. Madam, *I* have a Secret to impart.
A sad one too, and have no friend to trust but only you.

La. Your Lady or your Children sick?

Lord. Not that I know.

La. You seem to be in health.

Lord. In body, not in mind.

La. Some scruple of Conscience, I warrant; my Chaplain shall resolve you.

Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.

La. O take heed of despair, my Lord!

Lord. Madam, there is no Medicine for this sickness, but only you; your friendship's my safe Haven, else I am lost and shipwrack'd.

La. Pray tell me what it is.

Lord. Could I express it by sad sighs and groans,
Or drown it with my self in Seas of Tears,
I should be happy, would, and would not tell.

La. Command whatever I can serve you in,
I will be faithful still to all your ends, provided they be just and vertuous.

Lord. That word has stopt me.

La. Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what 'tis.

Lord. Then in obedience to your Commands, your Cousin is with Child.

La. Which Cousin?

Lord. Your Cousin *Christian*'s here ith' house.

La. Alas then she has stoln a Marriage, and undone her self: Some young Fellow, on my Conscience, that's a Beggar; Youth will not be advis'd; well, I'l never meddle more with Girls; One is no more assur'd of 'um than Grooms of Mules, they'l strike when least one thinks on't: but pray your Lordship, what is her choice then for an Husband?

Lord. She is not married that I know of, Madam.

La. Not married! 'tis impossible, the Girl does sure abuse you. I know her Education has been such, the flesh could not prevail; therefore she does abuse you, it must be so.

Lord. Madam, not to abuse you longer, she is with Child, and I the unfortunate man who did this most unlucky act.

La. You! I'l never believe it.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be serious how to hide her shame; I beg it here upon my knees.

La. Oh, oh, oh.—— [*She faints away.*

Lord. Who's there? Whose there? help, help, help.

Enter two VVomen, Rose, Penelope.

1 *VVom.* O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

2 *VVom.* Whither?

1 *VVom.* To Heaven, God knows, to Heaven.

Rose. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths.

2 *VVom.* I say, run to the Cabinet of Quintessence; *Gilberts* Water, *Gilberts* Water.

1 *Wom.* Now all the good Folks of heaven look down upon her.

Mill, Set her in the Chair.

Rose. Open her mouth with a Dagger or a Key; pour, pour, Where's the Spoon?

2 *Wom.* She stirs, she revives, merciful to us all, what a thing was this! speak, Lady, speak.

La. So, so, so.

Mill. Alas, my Lord, How came this fit?

Lord. With Sorrow, Madam.

La. Now I am better: *Bess*, you have not seen me thus.

1 *Wom.* Heav'n forefend that I should live to see you so agen.

La.

La. Go, go, I'm pretty well; withdraw into the next Room, but be near *I* pray, for fear of the worſt. (*They go out.*

——My Lord, ſit down near me I pray, *I*'le ſtrive to ſpeak a few words to you, and then to Bed,—nearer, my voice is faint.—My Lord, Heaven knows how *I* have ever lov'd you; and, *Is* this my reward? Had you none to abuſe but me in that unfortunate fond Girl that you know was dearer to me than my life? this was not love to her, but an inveterate malice to poor me. Oh, oh.—— (*Faints again.*

Lord. Help, help, help.

All the Women again.

1 *Wom.* This fit will carry her: alaſs it is a Lechery!

2 *Wom.* The Balſom, the Balſom!

1 *Woman.* No, no, the Chymiſtry Oyl of Roſemary: hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether ſhe breathes, with your hand before her Mouth.

Roſe. No, Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 *Wom.* Look up, dear Madam, if you have any hope of Salvation!

2 *Wom.* Hold up your finger, Madam, if you have any hope of Fraternity. O the bleſſed Saints that hear me not, take her Mortality to them.

La. Enough, ſo, 'tis well,——withdraw, and let me reſt a while; only my dear Lord remain.

1 *Wom.* Pray your Lordſhip keep her from ſwebbing.

(*Exeunt Women.*

Lord. Here humbly once again, *I* beg your pardon and your help.

La. Heaven forgive you, and *I* do: ſtand up, my Lord, and ſit cloſe by me: O this naughty Girl! but did your Lordſhip win her ſoon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much difficulty.

La. I'm glad on't; it ſhew'd the Girl had ſome Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain: but you men are ſtrange tempters; good my Lord, where was this wicked act then firſt committed?

Lord. In an out-room upon a Trunk,

La. Poor Heart, what shift Love makes! Oh she does love you dearly, though to her ruine! and then what place, my Lord?

Lord. An old waste Room, with a decay'd Bed in't.

La. Out upon that dark Room for deeds of darkness! and that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold your Lordships vigour: but you dealt gently with the Girl. Well, you shall see I love you: for I will manage this business to both your advantages, by the assistance of Heaven I will; good my Lord help, lead me out.

[*Exeunt.*

Warner, Rose.

Rose. A mischief upon all Fools! do you think your Master has not done wisely? first to mistake our old mans humour, then to dispraise the Plays; and lastly, to discover his Acquaintance with my Mistress: my old Master has taken such a Jealousie of him, that he will never admit him into his sight again.

Warn. Thou mak'st thy self a greater Fool than he by being angry at what he cannot help ---- I have been angry with him too; but these friends have taken up the quarrel. ---- (*Shews Gold.* Look you he has sent these Mediators to mitigate your wrath: here are twenty of 'um have made a long Voyage from *Guiney* to kiss your hands: and when the Match is made, there are an hundred more in readiness to be your humble Servants.

Rose. Rather then fall out with you, I'l take 'um; but I confess it troubles me to see so loyal a Lover have the heart of an Emperour, and yet scarce the brains of a Cobler.

Warn. Well, what device can we two beget betwixt us, to separate Sir *John Swallow* and thy Mistress?

Rose. I cannot on the sudden tell; but I hate him worse than foul weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'l see if my project will be luckier than thine. Where are the Papers concerning the Joynture I have heard you speak of?

Rose. They lie within in three great Bags, some twenty Reams of Paper in each Bundle, with six lines in a sheet: but there is a little Paper where all the business lies.

Warn. Where is it? Canst thou help me to it?

Rose. By good chance he gave it to my custody before he set out for *London.* You came in good time, here it is, I was carrying it to him; just now he sent for it.

Warn.

Warn. So, this I will ſecure in my Pocket: when thou art aſk'd for it, make two or three bad faces, and ſay, 'twas left behind: by this means he muſt of neceſſity leave the Town, to ſee for it in *Kent*.

Enter Sir John, *Sir* Martin, *Mrs.* Mill.

Sir *John.* 'Tis no matter, though the old man be ſuſpicious; I knew the ſtory all before-hand, and ſince then you have ſul'y ſatisfi'd me of your true friendſhip to me — Where are the Writings? [*To* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir, I beg your pardon; I thought I had put 'um up amongſt my Ladies things, and it ſeems in my haſte I quite forgot 'um, and left 'um at *Canterbury*.

Sir *John.* This is horribly unlucky! Where do you think you left 'um?

Roſe. Upon the great Box in my Ladies Chamber; they are ſafe enough I'm ſure.

Sir *John.* It muſt be ſo — I muſt take Poſt immediately: Madam, for ſome few dayes I muſt be abſent; And to confirm you, friend, how much I truſt you, I leave the deareſt Pledge I have on Earth, My Miſtreſs, to your care.

Mill. If you lov'd me, you would not take all occaſions to leave me thus!

Warn. aſide. Do, go to *Kent*, and when you come again, Here they are ready for you. [*Shows the Paper.*

Sir *Mart.* What's that you have in your hand there, Sirrah?

Warn. Pox, What ill luck was this! What ſhall I ſay?

Sir *Mart.* Sometimes you've tongue enough, what, are you ſilent?

Warn. 'Tis an Accompt, Sir, of what Money you have loſt ſince you came to Town.

Sir *Mart.* I'm very glad on't: now I'l make you all ſee the ſeverity of my Fortune, —— give me the Paper.

Warn. Heaven! What does he mean to do? it is not fair wrote out, Sir;

Sir

Sir *John*. Besides, *I* am in haste, another time, Sir. ——

Sir *Mart*. Pray, oblige me, Sir, —— 't's but one minute: all people love to be pitty'd in their Misfortunes, and so do I: will you produce it, Sirrah?

Warn. Dear Master!

Sir *Mart*. Dear Rascal! am I Master or you? you Rogue!

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it: —— you cannot read my hand.

Sir *Mart*. This is ever his way to be disparaging me, —— but *I*'le let you see, Sirrah, that I can read your hand better than you your self can.

Warn. You'l repent it, there's a trick in't, Sir. ——

Sir *Mart*. *I*s there so, Sirrah? but *I*'le bring you out of all your Tricks with a Vengeance to you. —— [*Reads*. How now! What's this? A true particular of the Estate of Sir *John Swallow* Knight, lying and scituate in, *&c*.

Sir *John*. This is the very Paper *I* had lost: *I*'m very glad on't, it has sav'd me a most unwelcome journey, — but *I* will not thank you for the Courtesie, which now *I* find you never did intend me —— this is Confederacy, *I* smoak it now —— Come, Madam, let me wait on you to your Father. [*Takes the Paper*.

Mill. Well, of a witty man, this was the foolishest part that ever *I* beheld.

(*Exeunt Sir* John, Millisent, *and* Rose.

Sir *Mart*. *I* am a Fool, *I* must confess it, and *I* am the most miserable one without thy help, —— but yet it was such a mistake as any man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir *Mart*. Prethee chide me! this indifference of thine wounds me to the heart.

Warn. *I* care not.

Sir *Mart*. Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, *I* kiss your hands, *I* have other business.

Sir *Mart*. Dear *Warner*!

Warn. *I* am inflexible.

Sir *Mart*. Then *I* am resolv'd *I*'l kill my self.

Warn. You are Master of your own Body.

Sir *Mart*. Will you let me damn my Soul?

Warn.

Warn. At your pleasure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir *Mart.* D'ye see the Points ready? Will you do nothing to save my life?

Warn. Not in the least.

Sir *Mart.* Farewell, hard-harted *Warner.*

Warn. Adieu soft-headed Sir *Martin.*

Sir *Mart.* Is it possible?

Warn. Why don't you dispatch, Sir? Why all these Preambles?

Sir *Mart.* I'l see thee hang'd first; I know thou won'dst have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copy of your Countenance; people in this Age are not so apt to kill themselves.

Sir *Mart.* Here are yet ten Pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be friends.

Warn. You know the Easiness of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it so. Well, Sir, — for this once I cast an Eye of pity on you,—but I must have ten more in hand, before I can stir a foot.

Sir *Mart.* As I am a true Gamester, I have lost all but these, —but if thou'lt lend me them, I'l give 'em thee agen.

Warn. I'l rather trust you till to morrow;
Once more look up, I bid you hope the best.
Why should your folly make your Love miscarry,
Since men first play the Fools, and then they marry? [*Exeunt.*

F ACT.

ACT. IV.

Enter Sir Martin *and* Warner.

Sir Mart. BUT are they to be married this day in private, say you?

Warn. 'Tis so concluded, Sir, I dare assure you.

Sir Mart. But why so soon, and in private?

Warn. So soon to prevent the designs upon her; and in private, to save the effusion of Christian Money.

Sir Mart. It strikes to my heart already; in fine, I am a dead man. —— *Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'le try what may be done. Look if he will stir now; your Rival and the Old man will see us together, we are just below the Window.

Sir Mart. Thou can'st not do't.

Warn. On the peril of my twenty pieces be it.

Sir Mart. But I have found a way to help thee out, trust to my wit but once.

Warn. Name your wit, or think you have the least grain of wit once more, and I'le lay it down for ever.

Sir Mart. You are a sawcy masterly Companion, and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Warn. Help, help, good People, Murther, Murther!

Enter Sir John *and* Mood.

Sir John and Mood. How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abus'd, I am beaten, I am lam'd for ever.

Mood. Who has us'd thee so?

Warn. The Rogue my Master.

Sir John. What was the Offence?

Warn. A trifle, just nothing.

Sir John. That's very strange.

Warn. It was for telling him he lost too much at Play; I meant

meant him nothing but well, Heaven knows, and he in a curſed damn'd humour would needs revenge his loſſes upon me: A' kick'd me, took away my money, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his hands——

Mood. By Cox nowns it was an ill-natur'd part, nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his Vow to Gads, and in fines.

Warn. But if I live I'll cry quittance with him: he had engag'd me to get Mrs. *Milliſent* your Daughter for him; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her hate him, a great Booby, an overgrown Oafe, a conceited *Bartlemew*.——

Sir John. Prithee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'ſt my Service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my heart, Sir, and ſo much the rather, that I may ſpight him with it.——This was the moſt propitious Fate.——

Mood. Propitious! and Fate! what a damn'd Scander-bag-Rogue art thou to talk at this rate! hark you, Sirrah, one word more of this Gibberiſh, and I'll ſet you packing from your new Service; I'll have neither Propitious nor Fate come within my doors.——

Sir John. Nay, pray Father.——

Warn. Good old Sir be pacified I was pouring out a little of the dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my ſtomachs clear of 'em.

Sir John. This Fellow is come in a happy hour; for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence, and in the mean time he may have an Eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you pleaſe I'll wait upon her till ſhe's ready, and then bring her to what Church you ſhall appoint.

Mood. But, Friend, you'l find ſhe'l hang an Arſe, and be very loth to come along with you, and therefore I had beſt ſtay behind, and bring her my ſelf.

Warn. I warrant you I have a trick for that, Sir, ſhe knows nothing of my being turn'd away: So I'll come to her as from Sir *Martin*, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you,

Sir John. My better Angel —

Mood. By th' mess 'twas well thought on; well Son, go you before, I'll speak but one word for a Dish or two at Dinner, and follow you to the Licence-Office. Sirrah — stay you here — till my return. [*Ex. Sir* John *and* Moody.

Warn. solus. Was there ever such a lucky Rogue as I! I had alwayes a good opinion of my wit, but could never think I had so much as now I find. I have now gain'd an opportunity to carry away Mistress *Millisent* for my Master, to get his Mistress by means of his Rival, to receive all his happiness, where he could expect nothing but misery: after this exploit I will have *Lilly* draw me in the Habit of a Hero, with a Lawrel on my Temples, and an Inscription below it, *This is* Warner *the flower of Serving-men.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Pray do me the favour to help me to the speech of Mr. *Moody.*

Warn. What's your business?

Mess. I have a Letter to deliver to him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your self to him.

Mess. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the Corner of the next Street, and bid me give this into your own hands.

Mood. Stay friend, till I have read it.

Mess. He told me, Sir, it required no Answer. (*Ex.* Mess.

Mood. reads. *Sir, permit me, though a stranger, to give you counsel, some young Gallants have had intelligence, that this day you intend privately to Marry your Daughter, the rich Heiress; and in fine, above twenty of them have dispersed themselves to watch her going out: therefore put it off, if you will avoid mischief, and be advised by*

Your unknown Servant.

Mood. By the Mackings, I thought there was no good in't, when I saw *in fine* there; there are some Parishes, I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or else they are no Englishmen, but some of your French Outalion-Rogues; I owe him Thanks how-

however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't.
Warner, no Wedding to day, *Warner*.

Warn. Why, What's the matter, Sir?

Mood. I say no more, but some wiser than some, I'l keep my Daughter at home this Afternoon, and a fig for all these Outalians. [*Exit* Moody.

Warn. So, here's another Trick of Fortune as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game Cock-sure, and then to be back-gammon'd: it must needs be the Devil that writ this Letter, he ow'd my Master a spight, and has paid him to the purpose: and here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what mis- [*Enter Sir* Martin
fortune has befal'n him, and for my part I am a- *laughing.*]
sham'd to tell him.

Sir Mart. Warner, such a Jest, *Warner*. [*Laughs agen.*

Warn. What a Murrain is the matter, Sir?
Where lies this Jest that tickles you?

Sir Mart. Let me laugh out my laugh, and I'l (*Laughs* agen.
tell thee.

Warn. I wish you may have cause for all this mirth.

Sir Mart. Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: thou shal't no more dare to tell me, I spoil thy projects, and discover thy designs; for I have play'd such a Prize, without thy help, of my own Mother-wit ('tis true I am hasty sometimes, and so do harm; but when I have a mind to shew my self, there's no man in *England*, though I say't, comes near me as to point of imagination) I'l make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, Sir, keep me no longer in ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir. Mart. Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee, I was possest with a terrible fear, that my Mistress should be married: well, thought I to my self, and must'ring up all the Forces of my Wit, I did produce such a stratagem.

Warn. But what was it?

Sir Mart. I feign'd a Letter as from an unknown Friend to *Moody*, wherein I gave him to understand, that if his Daughter went out this Afternoon, she would infallibly be snapt by some

young

young Fellows that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir Mart. That which follows is yet better; for he I sent assures me, that in that very nick of time my Letter came, her Father was just sending her abroad with a very foolish rascally fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a'gods name? could you do this wonderful miracle without your soul to the Devil for his help?

Sir Mart. I tell thee man I did it, and it was done by the help of no Devil, but this familiar of my own brain; how long would it have been e're thou couldest have thought of such a project? *Martin* said to his man, *Who's the Fool now?*

Warn. Who's the fool? why who use to be the fool? he that ever was since I knew him, and ever will be so!

Sir Mart. What a Pox? I think thou art grown envious, not one word in my commendations?

Warn. Faith Sir, my skill is too little to praise you as you deserve; but if you would have it according to my poor ability, you are one that had a knock in your Cradle, a conceited lackwit, a designing Ass, a hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded busie brain, with an eternal Wind mill in it; this in short, Sir, is the Contents of your Panegyrick.

Sir Mart. But what the Devil have I done, to set you thus against me?

Warn. Only this, Sir, I was the foolish rascally fellow that was with *Moody*, and your Worship was he to whom I was to bring his Daughter.

Sir Mart. But how could I know this? I am no Witch.

Warn. No, I'll be sworn for you, you are no Conjurer. Will you go Sir?

Sir Mart. Will you hear my justifications?

Warn. Shall I see the back of you? speak not a word in your defence. [*Shoves him.*

Sir Mart. This is the strangest luck now — (*Exit.*

Warn. I am resolv'd this Devil of his shall never weary me, I will overcome him, I will invent something that shall stand good in spight of his folly. Let me see —

Enter

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is — *I* muſt venture on him, for the tyranny of this old Lady is unſupportable, ſince *I* have made her my confident, there paſſes not an hour but ſhe paſſes a pull at my Purſe-ſtrings; *I* ſhall be ruin'd if *I* do not quit my ſelf of her ſuddenly: *I* find now, by ſad experience, that a Miſtreſs is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and inſignificant. Mr. *VVarner*! have you a mind to do your ſelf a courteſie, and me another?

VVarn. *I* think, my Lord, the Queſtion need not be much diſputed, for *I* have alwayes had a great ſervice for your Lordſhip, and ſome little kindneſs for my ſelf.

Lord. What, if you ſhould propoſe Miſtreſs *Chriſtian* as a Wife to your Maſter? you know he's never like to compaſs t'other.

VVarn. *I* cannot tell that my Lord —— .

Lord. 500 *l.* are yours at the day of marriage.

VVarn. 500 *l.* 'tis true, the temptation is very ſweet, and powerful; the Devil *I* confeſs has done his parr, and many a good Murder and Treaſon have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet ——

Lord. What yet ——

Warn. To confeſs the truth, *I* am reſolv'd to beſtow my Maſter upon that other Lady (as difficult as your Lordſhip thinks it) for the honour of my wit is engag'd in it: will it not be the ſame to your Lordſhip were ſhe marred to any other?

Lord. The very ſame.

Warn. Come my Lord, not to diſſemble with you any longer, *I* know where it is that your Shoe wrings you: *I* have obſerv'd ſomething in the Houſe, betwixt ſome parties that ſhall be nameleſs: and know that you have been taking up Linnen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at any Drapers in Town.

Lord. *I* ſee *I* have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Lady, whom Hell confound, ſhe is the greateſt Jill in Nature, cheat is her ſtudy, all her joy to coſen, ſhe loves nothing but her ſelf, and draws all lines to that corrupted centre.

Lord. *I* have found her out, though late: firſt, *I*'ll undertake

I n'er enjoy'd her Neice under the rate of 500 *l.* a time; never was Womans flesh held up so high: every night I find out for a new Maiden-head, and she has sold it me as often as ever Mother *Temple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'l have when she's brought to Bed, after her hard bargain, as they call it; then cram'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the grease, Postages, and Frigacies, Wine from *Shatling*, and *La-fronde*, with New-River, clearer by six pence the pound than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife — Dry-Nurse — Wet Nurse — and all the rest of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Baby-Clouts, and Bearing-Cloaths —— Possets, Cawdels, Broth, Jellies, and Gravies; and behind all these, Glisters, Suppositers, and a barbarous Potheca-ries Bi l, more inhumane than a Tailors.

Lord. I sweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! chear up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within a short time you shall know more; yonder appears a young Lady whom I must needs speak with, please you go in and prepare the old Lady and your Mistress.

Lord. Good luck, and 500 *l.* attend thee. (*Exit.*

Enter Millisent *and* Rose *above.*

Mill. I am resolv'd I'l never marry him!

Rose. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But, how to hinder it, *I* cannot possibly tell: for my Fa-ther presses me to it, and will take no denial: wou'd I knew some way ——

Warn. Madam, I'l teach you the very neareſt, for I have just now found it out,

Rose. Are you there, Mr. Litt'eplot?

Warn. Studying to deserve thee, *Rose*, by my diligence for thy Lady; *I* stand here, methinks, just like a wooden Mercury, to point her out the way to Matrimony.

Rose. Or, Serving-man-like, ready to carry up the hot meat for your Master, and then to fall upon the cold your self.

Warn. *I* know not what you call the cold, but *I* believe *I* shall find

find warm work on't: in the first place then I must acquaint you, that I have seemingly put off my Master, and entred my self into Sir *John*'s service.

Mill. Most excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but base — [*Enter* Moody

Mill. Something he would tell us, but see what luck's here!

Mood. How now, Sirrah? are you so great there already?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him still!

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young Lady a new Song, and if you please you shall hear it.

SINGS.

Make ready fair Lady to night,
And stand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with care,
And to your true Love you shall go,

Mood. Ods bobs this is very pretty.

Mill. I, so is the Lady's Answer too, if I could but hit on't,

SINGS.

And when the Stars twinckle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I flye,
E're the jealous can spye,
And leave my old daddy asleep.

Mood. Bodikins I like not that so well, to cosen her old Father; it may be my own case another time.

Rose. Oh Madam! yonder's your Persecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber to avoid the sight of him as long as I can; Lord! that my old doting Father should throw me away upon such an Ignoramus, and deny me to such a Wit as Sir *Martin.* [*Ex.* Mill. *and* Rose *from above.*

Mood. O Son! here has been the most villainous Tragedy against you.

Sir John. What Tragedy? has there been any blood shed since I went?

Mood. No blood shed, but, as I told you, a most damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Mood. Jack Sawce! if I say it is a Tragedy, it shall be a Tragedy in spight of you, teach your Grandam how to piss—— what ——I hope I am old enough how to spout English with you Sir?

Sir John. But what was the reason you came not after me?

Mood. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promise you, there were those would have made bold with Mistress Bride; an' if she had stir'd out of doors, there were Whipsters abroad i'faith, Padders of Maiden-heads, that would have rifl'd her up, and pick'd the lock of her affections, e'r a man could have said, what's this: but by good luck I had warning of it by a friends Letter.

Sir John. The remedy for all such dangers is easie, you may send for a Parson, and have the business dispatch'd at home.

Mood. A match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our resolutions, and hearten her up against the day of battel. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Now I think on't, this Letter must needs come from Sir *Martin*; a Plot of his, upon my life, to hinder our marriage.

Warn. I see, Sir, you'l still mistake him for a Wit; but I am much deceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir John. From whom I prithee?

Warn. Nay, for that you shall excuse me, Sir, I do not love to make a breach betwixt persons that are to be so near related.

Sir John. Thou seem'st to imply that my Mistress was in the Plot,

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't? do you not know she ever lov'd him, and can you hope she has so soon forsaken him? you may make your self miserable, if you please, by such a marriage.

Sir John. When she is once mine, her Vertue will secure me.

Warn.

Warn. Her Vertue!

Sir John. What, do you make a mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I assure you, Sir; I think it no such jesting matter.

Sir John. Why, is she not honest?

Warn. Yes in my conscience is she, for Sir *Martin*'s Tongue's no slander.

Sir John. But does she say to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which for my part I do not, he has in a manner confess'd it to me.

Sir John. Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your self, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lye.

Sir John. But how shall I be 'sur'd 'tis so?

Warn. When you are married you'l soon make tryal, whether she be a Maid or no?

Sir John. I do not love to make that Experiment at my own cost.

Warn. Then you must never marry.

Sir John. I, but they have so many tricks to cheat a man, which are entay'ld from Mother to Daughter through all Generations, there's no keeping a Lock for that Door for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for Example, their drawing up their breaths with Oh! you hurt me, can you be so cruel? then the next day she steals a Visit to her Lover, that did you the Courtesie beforehand, and in private tells him how she cozened you; twenty to one but she takes out another Lesson with him to practise the next night.

Sir John All th's while miserable I must be their May-game.

Warn. 'Tis well if you escape so; for commonly he strikes in with you, and becomes your friend.

Sir John. Deliver me from such a friend that stays behind with my Wife, When I gird on my Sword to go abroad.

Warn. I, there's your man, Sir; besides he will be sure to watch your haunts, and tell her of them, that if occasion be, she may have wherewithall to recriminate: at least she will seem to be jealous of you, and who would suspect a jealous Wife?

Sir John. All manner of ways I am most miserable.

Warn. But if she be not a Maid when you marry her, she may make a good Wife afterwards, 'tis but imagining you have taken such a mans Widow.

Sir John. If there were all; but the Man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of those that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir *John.* I, the same thing they took up before.

Warn. The truth is, an honest simple Girl that's ignorant of all things, maketh the best Matrimony: There is such pleasure in instructing her, the best is, there's not one Dunce in all the Sex; such a one with a good Fortune ——

Sir *John.* I, but where is she, *Warner?*

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir *John.* Engag'd to one that hath given me the earnest of Cuckoldom before-hand?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs *Christian* here in the house? There's 5000 l. and a better penny.

Sir *John.* I, but is she Fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the wise Virgins, I can assure you.

Sir John. Dear *Warner*, step into the next Room, and inveigle her out this way, that I may speak to her.

Warn. Remember above all things, you keep this Wooing secret; if he takes the least wind, old *Moody* will be sure to hinder it.

Sir *John.* Dost thou think I shall get her Aunts Consent?

Warn. Leave that to me. [*Exit* Warner.

Sir *John.* How happy a man shall I be, if I can but compass this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then the revenge too is so sweet to steal a Wife under her Fathers nose, and leave 'um in the lurch who has abus'd me; well, such a Servant as this, *Warner*, is a Jewel.

Enter Warner *and Mrs.* Christian *to him.*

Warn. There she is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare her Aunt.

Sir John. Sweet Mistress, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly you are too good to wait on me.

Sir

Sir *John*. And in the Condition of a Suitor.

Chr. As how, forsooth?

Sir *John*. To be so happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing.

Sir *John*. Why? 'tis the honest end of Woman-kind.

Chr. Twenty years hence, forsooth: I would not lye in bed with a man for a world, their beards it will so prickle one.

Sir *John*. Pah, — What an innocent Girl it is, and very child! I like a Colt that never yet was back'd; for so I shall make her what I list, and mould her as I will; Lord! her innocency makes me laugh my Cheeks all wet. — Sweet Lady — [*Aside*.

Chr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forsooth.

Sir *John*. Well then, sweet Mistress, if I get your Friends consent, shall I have yours?

Chr. My old Lady may do what she will, forsooth, but by my truly, I hope she will have more care of me, then to marry me yet; Lord bless me, what should I do with a Husband?

Sir *John*. Well, Sweet-heart, then instead of wooing you, I must wooe my old Lady.

Chr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Lady is married already: cry you mercy forsooth, I think you are a Knight.

Sir *John*. Happy in that Title only to make you Lady.

Chr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady, it makes Folks proud, and so humerous, and so ill Huswifes, forsooth.

Sir *John*. Pah, — she's a Baby, the simplest thing that ever yet I knew; the happiest man I shall be in the world; for should I have my wish, it should be to keep School, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my wish it is absolv'd.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. Dupe. By your leave, Sir: I hope this noble Knight will make you happy, and you make him.

Chr. What should I make him? (*Sighing*.

La. Dupe. Marry, you shall make him happy in a good Wife.

Chr. I will not marry, Madam.

La. Dupe. You Fool!

Sir John. Pray, Madam, let me speak with you, on my Soul 'tis the pretti'st innocent'st thing in the world.

La.

La. Dupe. Indeed, Sir, she knows little besides her work and her Prayers; but I'll talk with the Fool.

Sir John. Deal gently with her, dear Madam.

La. Dupe. Come, *Christian*, will not you marry this noble Knight?

Chr. Yes, yes, yes.—— [*sobbingly.*

La. Dupe. Sir, it shall be to night.

Sir John. This Innocence is a Dowry beyond all price.

[*Exeunt Old Lady and Mrs.* Christian.

Enter Sir Martin *and Sir* John, *musing.*

Sir Mart. You are very melancholy methinks, Sir.

Sir John. You are mistaken, Sir.

Sir Mart. You may dissemble as you please, but Mrs. *Millisent* lyes at the bottom of your Heart.

Sir John. My Heart, I assure you, has no room for so poor a Trifle.

Sir Mart. Sure you think to wheadle me, would you have me imagine you do not love her?

Sir John. Love her! why should you think me such a Sot? love a Prostitute, and infamous person!

Sir Mart. Fair and soft, good Sir *John.*

Sir John. You see I am no very obstinate Rival, I leave the field free to you: go on, Sir, and pursue your good Fortune, and be as happy as such a common Creature can make thee.

Sir Mart. This is Hebrew-Greek to me; but I must tell you, Sir, I will not suffer my Divinity to be prophan'd by such a Tongue as yours.

Sir John. Believe it, what'er I say I can quote my Author for.

Sir Mart. Then, Sir, whoever told it you, ly'd in his Throat, d'you see, and deeper than that d'ye see, in his stomach, and his guts d'ye see: tell me she's a common person! he's a Son of a Whore that said it, and make him eat his words, though he spoke 'em in a pr.vy-house.

Sir John. What if *Warner* told me so? I hope you'l grant him to be a competent Judge in such a business.

Sir Mart. Did that precious Rascal say it?—Now I think on't I'll not believe you: in fine, Sir, I'll hold you an even Wager he denies it.

Sir

Sir John. I'll lay you ten to one, he justifies it to your face.

Sir Mart. I'll make him give up the Ghost under my fist, if he does not deny it.

Sir John. I'll cut off his Ears upon the Spot, if he does not stand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir Mart. Here he comes in Pudding-time to resolve the question: come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up your hand at the Bar of Justice, and answer me to what I shall demand.

Warn. What a Goodier is the matter, Sir?

Sir Mart. Thou Spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in nothing but in lyes!

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir Mart. Didst thou dare to cast thy Venom upon such a Saint as Mrs. *Millisent*, to traduce her Vertue, and say it was adulterate?

Warn. Not guilty my Lord.

Sir Mart. I told you so.

Sir John. How, Mr. Rascal! have you forgot what you said but now concerning Sir *Martin* and Mrs. *Millisent*? I'll stop the Lye down your Throat, if you dare deny't.

Sir Mart. Say you so! are you there again i'faith?

Warn. Pray pacifie your self, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my own devising.

Sir Mart. Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a Horse-pox t'ye, I'll understand none of it: tell me in plain English the truth of the business: for an'you were my own Brother, you should pay for it: belye my Mistress! what a Pox d'ye think I have no sense of Honour?

Warn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye? either be at quiet, or I'll resolve to take my heels, and be gone.

Sir Mart. Stop Thief there! what did you think to scape the hand of Justice? [*Lays hold on him.*
The best on't is, Sirrah, your heels are not altogether so nimble as your tongue, [*Beats him.*

Warn. Help; Murder! Murder!

Sir Mart. Confess, you Rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your hands, I think the Devil's in you, — I tell you 'tis a device of mine. *Sir*

Sir Mart. And have you no body to devise it on but my Mistress, the very Map of Innocence?

Sir John. Moderate your anger, good Sir *Martin.*

Sir Mart. By your patience, Sir, I'll chastise him abundantly.

Sir John. That's a little too much, Sir, by your favour, to beat him in my presence.

Sir Mart. That's a good one i'faith, your presence shall hinder me from beating my own Servant.

Warn. O Traytor to all sense and reason! he's going to discover that too.

Sir Mart. An I had a mind to beat him to Mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir John. At present I must tell you he's mine, Sir.

Sir Mart. Hey-day! here's fine jugling!

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are just upon the brink of a Precipice.

Sir Mart. What is't thou meanest now?——a Lord! my mind mis-gives me I have done some fault, but would I were hang'd if I can find it out. [*Aside.*

Warn. There's no making him understand me.

Sir Mart. Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be fac'd down with a Lye; I say he is my man.

Sir John. Pray remember your self better; did not you turn him away for some fault lately, and laid a Livery of black and blue on his back before he went?

Sir Mart. The Devil of any fault, or any black and blue that I remember: either the Rascal put some Trick upon you, or you you would upon me.

Sir John. O, ho, then it seems the cudgelling and turning away were pure invention; I am glad I understand it.

Sir Mart. In fine, it's all so damn'd a Lye.——

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir, good Wits, you know, have bad Memories.

Sir John. No, no, Sir, that shall not serve your turn, you may return when you please to your old Master, I give you a fair discharge, and a glad man I am to be so rid of you: were you thereabouts i'faith? what a Snake I had entertain'd into my bosom? fare you well, Sir, and lay your next Plot better between you, I advise you. [*Exit Sir* John.

Warn.

Warn. Lord, Sir, how you ſtand! as you were nip'd i'th'head? have you done any new piece of Folly, that makes you look ſo like an Aſs?

Sir Mart. Here's three pices of Gold yet, if I had the heart to offer it thee. (*Holds the Gold afar off trembling.*

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deſerve ſo great a Liberality; I confeſs if you had beaten me for my own fault, if you had utterly deſtroyed all my projects, then it might ha'bin expected that ten or twenty pieces ſhould have been offer'd by way of recompence or ſatisfaction.——

Sir Mart. Nay, on'you be ſo full o'your Flowts, your Friend and Servant; who the Devil could tell the meaning of your ſigns and tokens, an'you go to that?

Warn. You are no Aſs then?

Sir Mart. Well, Sir, to do you ſervice, d'ye ſee, I am an Aſs in a fair way; will that ſatisfie you?

Warn. For this once produce thoſe three pieces, I am contented to receive that inconſiderable tribute, or make 'em ſix and I'll take the fault upon my ſelf.

Sir Mart. Are we Friends then? if we are, let me adviſe you.——

Warn. Yet adviſing.——

Sir Mart. For no harm, good *Warner*: but pray next time make me of your Council, let me enter into the buſineſs, inſtruct me in every point, and then if I diſcover all, I am reſolv'd to give over affairs, and retire from the world.

Warn. Agreed, it ſhall be ſo; but let us now take breath a while, then on agen.

For though we had the worſt, thoſe heats were paſt,
Wee'l whip and ſpur, and fetch him up at laſt. (*Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *Mistress* Christian, Rose, *and* Warner.

Lord. YOur promise is admirably made good to me, that Sir *John Swallow* should be this night married to Mrs. *Christian*; instead of that, he is more deeply engag'd than ever with old *Moody*.

Warn. I cannot help these ebbs and flows of fortune.

La. Dupe. I am sure my Niece suffers most in't, he's come off to her with a cold Complement of a mistake in his Mistress's Virtue, which he has now found out, by your Masters folly, to be a Plot of yours to separate them.

Chr. To be forsaken when a woman has given her consent!

Lord. 'Tis the same scorn, as to have a Town render'd up, and afterwards slighted.

Rose. You are a sweet youth, Sir, to use my Lady so, when she depended on you; is this the faith of *Valet de Chambre*? I would be asham'd to be such a dishonour to my profession; it will reflect upon us in time, we shall be ruin'd by your good example.

Warn. As how my dear Lady Embassadress?

Rose. Why, they say the Women govern their Ladies, and you govern us: so if you play fast and loose, not a Gallant will bribe us for our good wills; the gentle *Gainy* will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as duly to steal into our hands at the stair-foot as into Mr. Doctors at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your promise.

La. D. Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Rose. And if my Mistress go to bed a Maid to night.

Warn. Hey-dey! you are dealing with me, as they do with the Banquers, call in all your debts together; there's no possibility of payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as fast as I

can,

can, I assure you.

La. Du. But you must not think to pay us with false Money, as you have done hitherto.

Rose. Leave off your Mountebank tricks with us, and fall to your business in good earnest.

Warn. Faith, and I will *Rose*; for to confess the truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one Cure for all your Diseases, that is, that my Master may marry Mrs. *Millisent*, for then Sir *John Swallow* will of himself return to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. He says true, and therefore we must all be helping to that design.

Warn. I'll put you upon something, give me but a thinking time. In the first place, get a Warrant and Bailifs to arrest Sir *John Swallow* upon a promise of marriage to Mrs. *Christian*.

Lord. Very good.

La. Du. We'll all swear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladiship in the least, Madam — for the rest we will consider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us [*Ex.* Lord. La. Du. Mill. Chr.

Warn. *Rose* where's thy Lady?

Mill. What have you to say to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward in the great work of projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deserve my thanks when the work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my Master.

Mill. If he should prove a fool after all your crying up his wit, I shall be a miserable woman.

Warn. A fool! that were a good jest i'faith: but how comes your Ladiship to suspect it?

Rose. I have heard, Madam, your greatest Wits have ever a touch of madness and extravagance in them, so perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more distant than wit and folly, yet like East and West, they may meet in a point, and produce actions that are but a hairs breadth from one another.

Rose. I'll undertake he has wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole day together: He's a most Comical person,

Mill. For all this I will not ſwear he is no fool; he has ſtill diſcovered all your plots.

Warn. O Madam, that's the common fate of your Machivilians, they draw their Deſigns ſo ſubtile, that their very fineneſs breaks them.

Mill. However I'm reſolv'd to be on the ſure ſide, I will have certain proof of his wit before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his cloaths like a great Sloven, and that's a ſure ſign of wit, he neglects his outward parts; beſides, he ſpeaks French, ſings, dances, plays upon the Lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, ſay you?

Warn. Moſt divinely, Madam.

Mill. I ask no more, then let him give the a Serenade immediately; but let him ſtand in the view, I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He ſhall do't Madam: but how, the Devil knows —— for he ſings like a Scritch-Owle, and never touch'd the Lute.

Mill. You'll ſee't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't, Madam, this will but retard our enterpriſe.

Mill. Either let him do't, or ſee me no more.

Warn. Well, it ſhall be done, Madam; but where's your Father? will not he over-hear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below ſtairs, talking with a Seaman, that has brought him news from the *Eaſt Indies*.

Warn. What concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Baſtard-Son there, whom he loved extremely: but not having any news from him theſe many years concluded him dead; this Son he expects within theſe three dayes.

Warn. When did he ſee him laſt?

Mill. Not ſince he was ſeven years old.

Warn. A ſudden thought comes into my head to make him appear before his time; let my Maſter paſs for him, and by that means he may come into the Houſe unſuſpected by her Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll talk with you—make haſte—I muſt retire a little. [*Ex.* Mill. *from above.*

Raſh. I'll inſtruct him moſt rarely, he ſhall never be found out;

out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do with a Serenade?

Warn. Faith, I am little non-plus'd on the ſudden, but a warm conſolation from thy lips, *Roſe*, would ſet my wits a working again.

Roſe. Adieu, *Warner*. [*Exit.* Roſe.

Warn. Inhumane *Roſe*, adieu.
Blockhead *Warner*, into what a Premunire haſt thou brought thy ſelf; this 'tis to be ſo forward to promiſe for another — but to be Godfather to a Fool, to promiſe and vow he ſhould do any thing like a Chriſtian. ——

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir Mart. Why, how now Bully, in a Brown Study? for my good I warrant it; there's five ſhillings for thee, what, we muſt encourage good wits ſometimes.

Warn. Hang your white pelf: ſure, Sir, by your largeſs you miſtake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-Maker; your covetouſneſs has offended my Muſe, and quite dull'd her.

Sir Mart. How angry the poor Devil is? in fine thou art as chollerick as a Cook by a Fire-ſide.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual diſcharging my wit: 'ſlife, Sir, I have rariſi'd my brains for you, till they are evaporated; but come, Sir, do ſomething for your ſelf like a man, I have engag'd you ſhall give to your Miſtreſs a Serenade in your proper perſon: I'll borrow a Lute for you.

Sir Mart. I'll warrant thee I'll do't man.

Warn. You never learn't, I do not think you know one ſtop.

Sir Mart. 'Tis no matter for that, Sir, I'll play as faſt as I can, and never ſtop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool I ſees get up into your Windo w, and ſet two Candles by you, take my Land-lords Lute in your hand, and fumble on't, and make grimmaces with your mouth, as if you ſung; in the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark, and conſequently your Miſtreſs, who will come to her Balcone over againſt you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs between your Chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir

Sir Mart. Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a man beforehand what he must do; Gramercy i'faith, Boy, now if I fail thee——

Warn. About your business then, your Mistress and her Maid appear already: I'll give you the sign with the Bell when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the Barbers Shop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Millisent, Rose, *with a Candle by 'em above.*

Rose. We shall have rare Musick.

Mill. I wish it prove so; for I suspect the Knight can neither play nor sing.

Rose. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Musick, Madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my Ears and Eyes are Witnesses.

Rose. But 'tis night, Madam, and you cannot see 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Rose. You need not fear him, he's still employ'd with that same Sea-man, and I have set Mrs. *Christian* to watch their discourse, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithal to instruct his Master.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Rose. Not in the least, for my old Lady has provided two rare disguises for the Master and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Rose. And see, Madam, where your true Knight Sir *Martin* is plac'd yonder like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his hand and his Rays about his head.

Sir Martin *appears at the adverse Window, a Tune play'd; when it is done,* Warner *rings, and Sir* Martin *holds.*

Did he not play most excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well, and yet methinks he held his Lute but untowardly.

Rose. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

The

The SONG.

BLind Love to this hour
Had never like me, a Slave under his power.
Then bleſt be the Dart
That he threw at my heart,
For nothing can prove
A joy ſo great as to be wounded with love.

My Days and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpoſe with ſorrows and frights;
From my heart ſtill I ſigh
And my Eyes are ne'r dry,
So that Cupid *be prais'd,*
I am to the top of Love's happineſs rais'd.

My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the pleaſure to doat and deſire,
Such a pretty ſoft pain
That it tickles each vein,
'Tis the dream of a ſmart,
Which makes me breathe ſhort when it beats at my heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am deſpis'd, I my freedom would get;
But ſtreight a ſweet ſmile
Does my anger beguile,
And my heart does recall,
Then the more I do ſtruggle, the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
Such a grace as to love unto ev'ry ones heart;
For many may wiſh
To be wounded and miſs:
Then bleſt be loves Fire,
And more bleſt her Eyes that firſt taught me deſire.

The

The Song being done, Warner *rings agen, but Sir* Martin *continues fumbling, and gazing on his Mistress.*

Mill. A prety humour'd Song —— but stay, methinks he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear him. —— Play louder, Sir *Martin*, that we may have the fruits on't.

Warn. peeping. Death! this abominable Fool will spoil all agen. Dam him, he stands making his Grimaces yonder, and he looks so earnestly upon his Mistress, that he hears me not. [*Rings agen.*

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now as I live and breathe, this is pleasant, *Rose*, —his man play'd and sung for him, and he, it seems, did not know when he should give over.

[Millisent *and* Rose *laugh.*

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder as if they would split their sides. Why Mr. Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your names?

Mill. Sir *Martin*, Sir *Martin*, take your Mans counsel, and keep time with your Musick.

Sir Mart. peeping. Hah! what do you say, Madam? how does your Ladiship like my Musick?

Mill. O most heavenly! just like the Harmony of the Spheres that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all by your not leaving off in time.

Sir Mart. What the Devil wou'd you have a man do when my hand is in! well o'my conscience I think there is a fate upon me.

[*Noise within.*

Mill. Look, *Rose*, what's the matter.

Rose. 'Tis Sir *John Swallow* pursu'd by the Bailiffs, Madam, according to our Plot; it seems they have dogg'd him thus late to his Lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love this Fool; yet I am glad I shall be rid on him. (*Ex.* Millisent, Rose.

Enter Sir John *pursu'd by three Bailiffs over the Stage.*

Sir Mart. Now I'll redeem all agen, my Mistress shall see my Valour, I'm resolv'd on't, Villains, Rogues, Poultroons! what?

three

three upon one? in fine, I'll be with you immediately. (*Exit.*

Warn. Why, Sir, are you ſtark mad? have you no grain of ſenſe left? he's gone! now is he as earneſt in the quarrel as Cokes among the Puppets; 'tis to no purpoſe whatever I do for him. *Exit* Warner.

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Martin *(having driven away the Bailiffs) Sir* Martin *flouriſheth his Sword,*

Sir Mart. Victoria! Victoria! what heart, Sir *John*, you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir John Not the leaſt, I thank you Sir for your timely aſſiſtance, which I will requite with any thing but the reſigning of my Mrs—— Dear Sir *Martin*, a good night.

Sir Mart. Pray let me wait upon you in Sir *John*.

Sir John. I can find my way to Mrs. *Milleſent* without you, Sir, I thank you.

Sir Mart. But pray, what were you to be arreſted for?

Sir John. I know no more than you; ſome little debts perhaps I left unpaid by my negligence: once more good night, Sir. (*Exit.*

Sir Mart. He's an ungrateful Fellow; and ſo in fine, I ſhall tell him when I ſee him next — Monſieur — (*Enter* Warner. *Warner*, A propos! I hope you'l applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in ſight of my Miſtreſs; Boy, I have charm'd her i'faith with my Valour.

Warn. I, juſt as much as you did e'n now with your Muſick; go, you are ſo beaſtly a Fool, that a Chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir Mart. Fool in your face, Sir; call a man of Honour, Fool, when I have juſt atchieved ſuch an Enterpriſe — Gad now my blood's up, I am a dangerous perſon, I can tell you that, *Warner*.

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee.

Sir Mart. I grant I am no Muſician, but you muſt allow me for a Sword-man, I have beat 'em bravely, and in fine, I am come off unhurt, ſave only a little ſcratch i'th'head.

Warn. That's impoſſible, thou haſt a Scull ſo thick, no Sword can pierce it; but much good may't d'ye, Sir, with the fruits of

your Valour : you reſcu'd your Rival when he was to be arreſted on purpoſe to take him off from your Miſtreſs.

Sir Mart. Why, this is ever the Fate of ingennous men; nothing thrives they take in hand. [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir *Martin*, you have done your buſineſs with my Lady, ſhe'l never look upon you more; ſhe ſays, ſhe's ſo well ſatisfied of your Wit and Courage, that ſhe will not put you to any further tryal.

Sir Mart. Warner, is there no hopes, *Warner?*

Warn. None that I know.

Sir Mart. Let's have but one civil Plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpoſe.

Roſe. Yet if he had ſome golden Friends that would engage for him the next time ——

Sir Mart. Here's a Jacobus and a Carolus will enter into Bonds for me.

Roſe. I'll take their Royal words for once. [*She fetches two*

Warn. The meaning of this, Dear *Roſe*. *diſguiſes.*]

Roſe. 'Tis in purſuance of thy own invention, *Warner*; a child which thy wit hath begot upon me: but let us loſe no time, Help! help! dreſs thy Maſter, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody*'s Baſtard, and thou his, come from the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Sir Mart. Hey-tarock it —— now we ſhall have *Roſes* device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't.

Roſe. Old *Moody* you muſt know in his younger years, when he was a *Cambridge*-Scholar, made bold with a Towns-mans Daughter there, by whom he had a Baſtard whoſe name was *Anthony*, whom you Sir *Martin*, are to repreſent.

Sir Mart. I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: but pray go on, *Roſe*.

Roſe. This Child in his Fathers time he durſt not own, but bred him privately in the Iſle of *Ely*, till he was ſeven years old, and from thence ſent him with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant for the *Eaſt-Indies*.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your memory, Sir?

Sir Mart. There's no anſwering thee any thing, thou think'ſt I am good for nothing.

Roſe. Bonaventure dy'd at *Surat* within two years, and this *Anthony*

thony has liv'd up and down in the *Moguls* Country unheard of by his Father till this night, and is expected within these three days: now if you can pass for him, you may have admittance into the house, and make an end of all the business before the other *Anthony* arrives.

Warn. But hold, *Rose*, there's one considerable point omitted; what was his Mother's name?

Rose. That indeed I had forgot; her name was *Dorothy*, Daughter to one *Draw-water* a Vintner at the *Rose*.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Lesson? *Anthony Moody* born in *Cambridge*, bred in the Isle of *Ely*, sent into the *Moguls* Country at seven years old with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant, who dyed within two years; your Mothers name *Dorothy Draw-water*, the Vintners Daughter at the *Rose*.

Sir Mart. I have it all *ad unguem* — what do'st think I'm a Sot? but stay a little, how have I liv'd all this while in that same Country?

Warn. What Country? — Pox, he has forgot already ——

Rose. The *Moguls* Country.

Sir Mart. I, I, the *Moguls* Country! what the Devil, any man may mistake a little; but now I have it perfect: but what have I been doing all this while in the *Moguls* Country? He's a Heathen Rogue, I am afraid I shall never hit upon his name.

Warn. Why, you have been passing your time there, no matter how.

Rose. Well, if this passes upon the Old man, I'll bring your business about agen with my Mistress, never fear it; stay you here at the door, I'll go tell the Old man of your arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former errors. ——

Sir Mart. Hang'em, they were only slips of Youth — how peremptory and domineering this Rogue is! now he see's I have need of his service: would I were out of his power agen, I would make him lye at my feet like any Spaniel.

Enter Moody, Sir John, *Lord*, *Lady* Dupe, Milliſent, Chriſtian, Roſe.

Mood. Is he here already, ſay'ſt thou? which is he?

Roſe. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Mood. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I ſee thee again before I dye? welcome, welcome.

Sir Mart. My dear Father, I know it is you by inſtinct; for methinks I am as like you as if I were ſpit out of your mouth.

Roſe. Keep it up I beſeech your Lordſhip. [*Aſide to the Lord.*

Lord. He's wond'rous like indeed.

La. Dupe. The very image of him.

Mood. Anthony, you muſt ſalute all this Company: this is my Lord *Dartmouth*, this my Lady *Dupe*, this her Niece Mrs. *Chriſtian*. [*He ſalutes them.*

Sir Mart. And that's my Siſter, methinks I have a good reſemblance of her too: honeſt Siſter, I muſt need kiſs you Siſter.

Warn. This fool will diſcover himſelf, I foreſee it already by his carriage to her.

Mood. And now *Anthony*, pray tell's a little of your Travels.

Sir Mart. Time enough for that, forſooth Father, but I have ſuch a natural affection for my Siſter, that methinks I could live and dye with her: give me thy hand ſweet Siſter.

Sir *John.* She's beholding to you, Sir.

Sir Mart. What if ſhe be Sir, what's that to you Sir?

Sir John. I hope, Sir, I have not offended you;

Sir Mart. It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you ſee I have no mind to ſatisfie you, Sir: what a Devil! a man cannot talk a little to his own fleſh and blood, but you muſt be interpoſing with a murrain to you.

Mood. Enough of this, good *Anthony*, this Gentleman is to marry your Siſter.

Sir Mart. He marry my Siſter: ods foot, Sir, there are ſome Baſtards, that ſhall be nameleſs, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any man; and have as good blood in their veins.

Sir John. I do not queſtion it in the leaſt, Sir.

Sir Mart. 'Tis not your beſt courſe, Sir; you marry my Siſter! what

what have you seen of the world, Sir? I have seen your Hurricanos, and your Calentures, and your Eclipticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an'you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You must excuse my Master, the Sea's a little working in his brain, Sir.

Sir Mart. And your *Prester Johns* o'th' *East-Indies*, and your Great Turk of *Rome* and *Persia*.

Mood. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a Traveller! Bodikins it makes me weep for joy; but, *Anthony*, you must not bear your self too much upon your Learning, Child.

Mill. Pray Brother be civil to this Gentleman for my sake.

Sir Mart. For your sake, Sister *Millisent*, much may be done, and here I kiss your hand on't.

Warn. Yet again stupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray Brother hands off, now you are too rude.

Sir Mart. Dear Sister, as I am a true *East-India* Gentleman——

Mood. But pray Son *Anthony*, let us talk of other matters and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? and yet I made woundy much of you when you were young.

Sir Mart. I remember you as well as if I saw you but yesterday: A fine grey-headed — grey-bearded old Gentleman as ever I saw in all my life.

Warn. aside. Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he was a Scholar at *Cambridge*.

Mood. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir Mart. O yes, Sir, most perfectly, in the Isle——stay---let me see, oh——now I have it---in the Isle of *Silly*.

Mood. In the Isle of *Ely*, sure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir, but this dam'd Isle of *Silly* runs in's head ever since his Sea-Voyage.

Mood. And your Mothers name was —— come pray let me examine you —— for that I'm sure you cannot forget.

Sir Mart. Warner! what was it *Warner*?

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw water*, if she were now alive, what a joyful day would this be to her?

Mood. Who the Devil bid you speak, Sirrah?

Sir Mart. Her name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*.

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if this be not some Cheat.

Mill.

Mill. He makes so many stumbles, he must needs fall at last.

Mood. But you remember I hope where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of *Oxford* for an Vniversity, but *Cambridge* for my money.

Mood. Hold your tongue you Scanderbag Rogue you, this is the second time you have been talking when you should not.

Sir Mart. I was born at *Cambridge*, I remember it as perfectly as if it were but yesterday.

Warn. How I sweat for him! he's remembring ever since he was born.

Mood. And who did you go over with to the *East-Indies*?

Sir Mart. Warner!

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, Sir, you lighted upon so honest a Merchant as Mr. *Bonaventure*, to take care of him.

Mood. Sawcy Rascal! this is past all sufferance.

Rose. We are undone *Warner*, if this discourse go on any further.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pity o'th' poor Gentleman, he has more need of a good Supper, than to be ask'd so many Questions.

Sir *John.* These are Rogues, Sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one question — which way did you come home, Sir?

Sir Mart. We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Persia*, from *Persia* to *Turky*, from *Turky* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to *France*.

Sir *John.* And from thence, over the narrow Seas on Horseback.

Mood. 'Tis so, I discern it now, but some shall smoke for't. Stay a little *Anthony*, I'll be with you presently. *Ex.* Mood.

Warn. That wicked old man is gone for no good, I'm afraid, would I were fairly quit of him. [*aside*,

Mill. aside. Tell me no more of Sir *Martin*, *Rose*, he wants natural sence, to talk after this rate; but for this *Warner*, I am strangely taken with him, how handsomely he brought him off?

[*Enter* Moody *with two Cudgels*.

Mood. Among half a score tough Cudgels I had in my Chamber, I have made choice of these two as best able to hold out.

Mill.

Mill. Alas! poor *Warner* muſt be beaten now for all his wit, would I could bear it for him.

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, Sir?

Mood. In the firſt place, for your Worſhip, and in the next, for this *Eaſt-India* Apoſtle, that will needs be my Son *Anthony*.

Warn. Why d'ye think he is not?

Mood. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his deſigns, I know he is not.

Warn. Who, I his Accomplice? I beſeech you, Sir, what is it to me, if he ſhould prove a Counterfeit; I aſſure you he has cozen'd me in the firſt place.

Sir *John.* That's likely, i'faith, cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for mercy, Sir, I am an utter ſtranger to him, he took me up but yeſterday, and told me the ſtory word for word as he told it you.

Sir Mart. What will become of us two now? I truſt to the Rogues wit to bring me off.

Mood. If thou woud'ſt have me believe thee, take one of theſe two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on ſoundly.

Warn. With all my heart.

Mood. Out you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impoſter! do you come hither to cozen an honeſt man? [*Beats him*

Sir Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Warn. Do you come hither with a lye to get a Father, Mr. *Anthony* of *Eaſt-India*?

Sir Mart. Hold you inhumane Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir Mart. The Rogue will murder me. (*Ex. Sir* Mart.

Mood. A fair riddance of 'em both: let's in and laugh at 'em (*Exeunt.*

Enter again Sir Martin, *and* Warner.

Sir Mart. Was there ever ſuch an affront put upon a man, to be beaten by his Servant?

Warn. After my hearty ſalutations upon your back-ſide, Sir, may a man have leave to ask you, what news from the *Moguls* Country?

Sir

Sir Mart. I wonder where thou hadst the impudence to move such a question to me, knowing how thou hast us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may see what comes of your indiscretion and stupidity: I alwayes gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to pass it by without more words, partly, because I have already corrected you, though not so much as you deserve.

Sir Mart. Do'st thou think to carry it off at this rate, after such an injury?

Warn. You may thank your self for't; nay 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwise I had been suspected as your Accomplice.

Sir Mart. But you laid it on with such a vengeance, as if you were beating of a Stock-fish.

Warn. To confess the truth on't, you had anger'd me, and I was willing to evaporate my choler; if you will pass it by so, I may chance to help you to your Mistress: no more words of this business, I advise you, but go home and grease your back.

Sir Mart. In fine, I must suffer it at his hands; for if my shoulders had not paid for this fault, my purse must have sweat blood for't: the Rogue has got such a hank upon me——

Warn. So, so, here's another of our Vessels come in after the storm that parted us: what comfort, *Rose*, no Harbour near? [*Enter* Rose.

Rose. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is most extreamly incens'd against Sir *Martin*; but she applauds your ingenuity to the Skies. I'll say no more, but thereby hangs a Tale.

Sir Mart. I am considering with my self about a Plot, to bring all about agen.

Rose. Yet again plotting! if you have such a mind to't, I know no way so proper for you as to turn Poet to *Pugenello*.

Warn. Hark! is not that Musick in your house? *Musick plays.*

Rose. Yes, Sir *John* has given my Mistress the Fiddles, and our Old-man is as jocund yonder, and does so hug himself to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Rose. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir Mart. I have such a Plot; I care not, I will speak an'I were

to

to be hang'd for't — shall I speak, dear *Warner*? let me now; it does so wamble within me, just like a Clyster, i'faith law, and I can keep it no longer for my heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly in the name of Non-sense.

Sir Mart. We two will put on Vizards, and with the help of my Lordland, who shall be of the party, go a Mumming there, and by some device of dancing, get my Mistress away unsuspected by 'em all.

Rose. What if this should hit now, when all your projects have fail'd, *Warner*?

Warn. Would I were hang'd if it be not somewhat probable: nay, now I consider better on't —exceeding probable, it must take, 'tis not in Nature to be avoided.

Sir Mart. O must it so, Sir! and who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I so mad he should be the Author of this device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to stumble on't?

Sir Mart. Why should not my brains be as fruitful as yours or any mans?

Warn. This is so good, it shall not be your Plot, Sir, either disown it, or I will proceed no further.

Sir Mart. I would not lose the credit of my Plot to gain my Mistress: the Plot's a good one, and I'll justifie it upon any ground of *England*; an'you will not work upon't, it shall be done without you.

Rose. I think the Knight has reason.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the best advantage: hark you, *Rose*. [*whispers.*

Sir Mart. If it miscarry by your ordering, take notice 'tis your fault, 'tis well invented I'll take my Oath on't.

Rose. I must in to 'em, for fear I should be suspected; but I'll acquaint my Lord, my old Lady, and all the rest who ought to know it, with your design.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: you and I, *Rose*, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to night ——

Rose. To have, and to hold, are dreadful words, *Warner*; but for your sake I'll venture on 'em. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *and* Christian.

La. Dupe. Nay! good my Lord be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments in a house where he has wrong'd a Lady? I'll never suffer it.

La. Dupe. But upon what ground will you raise your quarrel?

Lord. A very just one, as I am her Kinsman.

La. Dupe. He does not know yet why he was to be arrested; try that way agen.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but revenge. (*Enter* Rose.

Rose. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord, *Sir Martin* himself has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Rose. A Fool's Plot may be as lucky as a Fools's Handsel, 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part, but to get a Parson in the next room, we'll find work for him.

La. Dupe. That shall be done immediately; *Christian*, make haste, and send for Mr. *Ball* the Non-conformist, tell him here are two or three Angels to be earn'd.

Chr. And two or three Posſets to be eaten: may I not put in that, Madam?

La. Dupe. Surely you may. [*Exit* Christian.

Rose. Then for the rest — 'tis only this — Oh! they are here! pray take it in a whisper: my Lady knows of it already.

Enter Moody, Sir John, Millisent.

Mill. Strike up agen, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance.

Sir John. Let's have the Brawls.

Mood. No, good *Sir John*, no quarrelling among Friends.

La. Dupe. Your Company is like to be increas'd, Sir; some Neighbours that heard your Fiddles are come a mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be Jovy; an' I had but my Hobby-horse at home ——

Sir John. What, are they Men or Women?

La. Dupe. I believe some Prentices broke loose.

Mill.

Mill. Rose! go and fetch me down two Indian gowns and Vizard-masks —— you and I will disguise too, and be as good a Mummery to them as they to us. (*Exit* Rose.

Mood. That will be most rare.

Enter Sir Martin, Warner, Landlord *disguised like a Tony.*

Mood. O here they come! Gentlemen Maskers you are welcome---He signs for a Dance I believe; you are welcome, Mr. Musick, strike up, I'll make one as old as I am. [Warner *signs to the Musick for a Dance.*]

Sir John. And I'll not be out. (*Dance.*

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you have had the Frolick, the next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glasses and some stools, Ho, we'll have the Ladies health.

Sir John. But why stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you shall see: the humour is, that two men at a time are hoysted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the rest of the Company dance about them while they drink: this they call the Frolick of the Altitudes.

Mood. Some High-lander's invention, I'll warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen-maskers, you shall begin. (*They hoyst Sir*

Sir John. Name the Ladies. Mart. *and* Warn.)

Lord. They point to Mrs. *Millisent* and Mrs. *Christian*, A Lou's Touche! Touche!

Mood. A rare toping health this: come Sir *John*, now you and I will be in our altitudes. *while they drink the Company dances and sings: they are taken down.*

Sir John. What new device is this trow?

Mood. I know not what to make on't.

Sir John to Tony. Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the rest o' your Company? I would fain see 'em again. *when they are up, the Company dances about 'em: then dance off. Tony dances a Jig.*

Landl. Come down and tell 'em so, *Cudden.*

Sir John. I'll be hang'd if there be not some Plot in't, and this Fool is set here to spin out the time.

Mood. Like enough! undone! undone! my Daughters's gone, let me down, Sirrah.

Landl. Yes, *Cudden.*

Sir John. My Miſtreſs is gone, let me down first. *(He offers to pull down the ſtools.)*

Landl. This is the quickeſt way, *Cudden.*

Sir John. Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my neck.

Landl. And you will not come down, you may ſtay there, *Cudden.* [*Exit Landlord dancing.*

Mood. O Scanderbag Villains!

Sir John. Is there no getting down?

Mood. All this was long of you *Sir Jack.*

Sir John. 'Twas long of your ſelf to invite them hither.

Mood. O you young Coxcombs, to be drawn in thus!

Sir John. You old Sot you, to be caught ſo ſillily!

Mood. Come but an inch nearer, and I'll ſo claw thee.

Sir John. I hope I ſhall reach to thee.

Mood. And 'twere not for thy wooden breaſt-work there.

Sir John. I hope to puſh thee down from *Babylon.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *Sir* Martin, Warner, Roſe, Milliſent *vail'd*, Landlord.

Lord. How, Gentlemen! what quarrelling among your ſelves!

Mood. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play, he ſhall never marry my Daughter.

Sir Mart. leading Roſe. No I'll be ſworn that he ſhall not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heaven: in fine, Sir, we are joyn'd together in ſpight of Fortune.

Roſe pulling off her mask. That we are indeed, Sir *Martin*, and theſe are Witneſſes; therefore in fine never repine, Sir, for Marriages you know are made in Heaven.

Omn. Roſe!

Warn. What, is *Roſe* ſplit in two? ſure I ha' got one *Roſe!*

Mill. I, the beſt *Roſe* you ever got in all your life.

Pulls off her mask.

Warn. This amazeth me ſo much, I know not what to ſay or think.

Mood. My Daughter married to *Warner!*

Sir Mart. Well, I thought it impoſſible any man in *England* ſhould

should have over-reach'd me: sure *Warner* there was some mistake in this: prithee *Billy* let's go to the Parson to set all right again, that every man may have his own before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir! for my part I will have nothing farther to do with these Women, for I find they will be too hard for us, but e'n sit down by the loss, and content my self with my hard fortune: But, Madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an Estate of 2000 *l.* a year?

Sir Mart. And I were as thee, I would not be so serv'd *Warner*!

Mill. I have serv'd him but right for the cheat he put upon me, when he perswaded me you were a Wit——now there's a trick for your trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confess you have out-witted me.

Sir John. Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely. } *They let*

Mood. What am I kept here for? } *him down.*

Warn. I might in policy keep you there, till your Daughter and I had been in private, for a little consummation: But for once, Sir, I'll trust your good nature.

[*Takes him down too.*

Mood. And thou wert a Gentleman it would not grieve me!

Mill. That I was assur'd of before I married him, by my Lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuse to own him for my Kinsman, though his Father's sufferings in the late times hath ruin'd his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving-man.

Warn. You are mistaken, Sir, I have been a Master, and besides there's an Estate of 800 *l.* a year, only it is mortgaged for 6000 *l.*

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off, and for my part, I am glad my Daughter has miss'd *in fine*, there.

Sir John. I will not be the only man that must sleep without a Bedfellow to night, if this Lady will once again receive me.

La. Dapt. She's yours, Sir.

Lord. And the same Parson, that did the former execution, is still in the next Chamber; what with Cawdels, Wine, and Quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to wheadle two more of you into matrimony.

Still

Mill. Poor Sir *Martin* looks melancholly? I am half afraid he is in love.

Warn. Not with the Lady that took him for a Wit, I hope.

Rose. At least, Sir *Martin* can do more than you Mr. *Warner*, for he can make me a Lady, which you cannot my Mistress.

Sir Mart. I have lost nothing but my Man, and in fine, I shall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, Sir *Martin*, for you'll never be your own Man, I assure you.

Warn. For my part I had lov'd you before if I had follow'd my inclination.

Mill. But now I am afraid you begin of the latest, except your love can grow up like a Mushrome at a nights warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble your self, I can love as fast as any man, when I am nigh possession; my love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes near the Centre; he's an ill Falconer that will unhood before the quarry be in sight.

Love's an high mettal'd Hawk that beats the Air,
But soon grows weary when the Game's not near.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE ſpoken by Mr. *Hart.*

NOw you the Vigorous, who dayly here
O're Vizard-Maſk, in publick domineer,
And what you'd doe to her if in Place where;
Nay have the confidence, to cry come out,
Tet when ſhe ſays lead on, you are not ſtout;
But to your well-dreſt Brother ſtraight turn round
And cry, Pox on her Ned, *ſhe can't be ſound:*
Then ſlink away, a freſh one to ingage,
With ſo much ſeeming heat and loving Rage,
You'd frighten liſtning Actreſs on the Stage:
Till ſhe at laſt has ſeen you huffing come,
And talk of keeping in the Tyreing-Room,
Tet cannot be provok'd to lead her home:
Next you Fallſtaffs *of fifty, who beſet*
Your Buckram Maidenheads, which your friends get;
And whilſt to them, you of Atchievements boaſt,
They ſhare the booty, and laugh at your coſt.
In fine, you Eſſens't Boyes, both Old and Young,
Who wou'd be thought ſo eager, briſk, and ſtrong,
Tet do the Ladies, not their Huſbands, wrong:
Whoſe Purſes for your manhood make excuſe,
And keep your Flanders Mares for ſhew, not uſe;
Encourag'd by our Womans Man to day,
A Horners *part may vainly think to Play;*
And may Intreagues ſo baſhfully diſown
That they may doubted be by few or none,
May kiſs the Cards at Picquet, Hombre, —— Lu,
And ſo be thought to kiſs the Lady too;
But Gallants, have a care faith, what you do.
The World, which to no man his due will give,
You by experience know you can deceive,
And men may ſtill believe you Vigorous,
But then we Women, —— there's no couſ'ning us.

FINIS.